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SONNETS,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY THE

Reverend W. L. Bowles, A. M.

Eighth Edition.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HOPE.

Cruttwell, Printer, Bath.

KÖNIGL. BAYER. BIBLIOTHEK BAMBERG

Frontispiece.

J. Nixon del. *J. Neagle Sc.*

But oh! for him, who, to yon Vault confin'd,
Has bid a long farewell to human kind; — *Page 57.*

Published Feb. 1. 1798, by C. Dilly, — Cadell & Davies, London,

and R. Cruttwell, Bath.

WRITTEN

AT

SOUTHAMPTON.

SMOOTH went our boat upon the summer seas,
Leaving (for so it seem'd) the world behind,
Its sounds of mingl'd uproar: we, reclin'd
Upon the sunny deck, heard but the breeze
That o'er us whispering pass'd, or idly play'd
With the lithe flag aloft.—A woodland scene
On either side drew its slope line of green,
And hung the water's shining edge with shade.
Above the woods, NETLEY! thy ruins pale
Peer'd, as we pass'd; and VECTA's* azure hue
Beyond the misty castle† met the view;
Where in mid channel hung the scarce-seen sail.
So all was calm and sunshine as we went
Cheerily o'er the briny element.

* Isle of Wight. † Kelshot Castle.

Oh! were this little boat to us the world,
As thus we wander'd far from sounds of care,
Circl'd with friends and gentle maidens fair,
Whilst morning airs the waving pennant curl'd;
How sweet were life's long voyage, till in peace
We gain'd that haven still, where all things cease!

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PREFACE.

AN Eighth Edition of the following Poems being called for by the publick, the author is induced to say a few words, particularly concerning those which, under the name of SONNETS, describe his personal feelings.

They can be considered in no other light, than as exhibiting occasional reflections which naturally arose in his mind, chiefly during various excursions, undertaken to relieve, at the time, depression of spirits. They were therefore, in general, suggested by the scenes before him—

and wherever such scenes appeared to harmonize with his disposition at the moment, the sentiments were involuntarily prompted.

Numberless poetical trifles of the same kind have occurred to him, when perhaps, in his solitary rambles, he has been " chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy;" but they have been forgotten, as he left the places which gave rise to them, and the greatest part of those originally committed to the press were *written down, for the first time,* from memory.

This is nothing to the publick, but it may serve in some measure to obviate the common remark on melancholy poetry, that it has been very often gravely composed, when possibly the

heart of the writer had very little share in the distress he chose to describe.

But there is a great difference between *natural* and *fabricated* feelings, even in poetry:——To which of these two characters the Poems before the reader belong, the author leaves those, who have felt sensations of sorrow, to judge.

They who know him, know the occasions of them to have been real; to the publick he might only mention the sudden death of a deserving young woman, with whom,

. . . " *Sperabat longos heu! ducere soles,*
" *Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu.*"

DONHEAD, FEB. 20, 1802.

SONNETS,

WRITTEN

CHIEFLY DURING

VARIOUS JOURNIES.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Cantantes, licet usque, minus via lædet, eamus."

VIRG.

' Still let us sooth our travel with a strain.'

WARTON.

TO THE

REVEREND NEWTON OGLE, D.D.

DEAN OF WINCHESTER,

THE FOLLOWING SONNETS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBLIGED

AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

WM. LISLE BOWLES.

DONHEAD, WILTS,

NOV. 1797.

Part First.

SONNET I.

WRITTEN AT

TINEMOUTH, NORTHUMBERLAND,

AFTER A TEMPESTUOUS VOYAGE.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
  Much musing on the track of terror past,
  When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast,
Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbl'd shore: and now the beam
  Of ev'ning smiles on the grey battlement,
  And yon forsaken tow'r that Time has rent:—
The lifted oar far off with silver gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep!
  Sooth'd by the scene, thus on tir'd Nature's breast
  A stillness slowly steals, and kindred rest;
While sea-sounds lull her, as she sinks to sleep,
Like melodies which mourn upon the lyre,
Wak'd by the breeze, and, as they mourn, expire.

SONNET II.

AT

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

YE holy Towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
Though, hurrying silent by, relentless Time
Assail you, and the winter whirlwind's sweep!
For far from blazing Grandeur's crowded halls,
Here Charity hath fix'd her chosen seat,
Oft list'ning tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tow'r,
And turns her ear to each expiring cry;
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the wave.

SONNET III.

TO THE

RIVER WENSBECK.

WHILE slowly wanders thy sequester'd stream,
WENSBECK! the mossy-scatter'd rocks among,
In fancy's ear still making plaintive song
To the dark woods above, that waving seem
To bend o'er some enchanted spot; remov'd
From life's vain coil, I listen to the wind,
And think I hear meek sorrow's plaint, reclin'd
O'er the forsaken tomb of one she lov'd!—
Fair scenes, ye lend a pleasure, long unknown,
To him who passes weary on his way—
The farewell tear, which now he turns to pay,
Shall thank you;—and whene'er of pleasures flown
His heart some long-lost image would renew,
Delightful haunts! he will remember you.

SONNET IV.

TO THE

RIVER TWEED.

O Tweed; a stranger, that with wandering feet
O'er hill and dale has journey'd many a mile,
(If so his weary thoughts he might beguile)
Delighted turns thy beauteous scenes to greet.
The waving branches that romantick bend
O'er thy tall banks, a soothing charm bestow;
The murmurs of thy wand'ring wave below
Seem to his ear the pity of a friend.
Delightful stream! though now along thy shore,
When spring returns in all her wonted pride,
The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more,
Yet here with pensive peace could I abide,
Far from the stormy world's tumultuous roar,
To muse upon thy banks at eventide.

SONNET V.

EVENING, as slow thy placid shades descend,
Veiling with gentlest hush the landscape still,
The lonely battlement, and farthest hill
And wood, I think of those that have no friend,
Who now, perhaps, by melancholy led,
From the broad blaze of day, where pleasure flaunts,
Retiring, wander 'mid thy lonely haunts
Unseen; and watch the tints that o'er thy bed
Hang lovely, to their pensive fancy's eye
Presenting fairy vales, where the tir'd mind
Might rest, beyond the murmurs of mankind,
Nor hear the hourly moans of misery!
Ah! beauteous views, that Hope's fair gleams the while
Should smile like you, and perish as they smile!

SONNET VI.

ON LEAVING

A VILLAGE IN SCOTLAND.

CLYSDALE, as thy romantick vales I leave,
And bid farewell to each retiring hill,
Where fond attention seems to linger still,
Tracing the broad bright landscape; much I grieve
That, mingled with the toiling crowd, no more
I may return your vary'd views to mark,
Of rocks amid the sunshine tow'ring dark,
Of rivers winding wild, and mountains hoar,
Or castle gleaming on the distant steep!—
For this a look back on thy hills I cast,
And many a soften'd image of the past
Pleas'd I combine, and bid remembrance keep,
To sooth me with fair views and fancies rude,
When I pursue my path in solitude.

SONNET VII.

TO THE

RIVER ITCHIN, NEAR WINTON.

ITCHIN, when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
On which the self-same tints still seem'd to rest,
Why feels my heart the shiv'ring sense of pain?
Is it—that many a summer's day has past
Since, in life's morn, I caroll'd on thy side?
Is it—that oft, since then, my heart has sigh'd,
As Youth, and Hope's delusive gleams, flew fast?
Is it—that those, who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend,
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

SONNET VIII.

O Poverty! though from thy haggard eye,
Thy cheerless mien, of every charm bereft,
Thy brow that Hope's last traces long have left,
Vain Fortune's feeble sons with terror fly;
I love thy solitary haunts to seek:—
For Pity, reckless of her own distress;
And Patience, in the pall of wretchedness,
That turns to the bleak storm her faded cheek;
And Piety, that never told her wrong;
And meek Content, whose griefs no more rebel;
And Genius, warbling sweet her saddest song;
And Sorrow list'ning to a lost friend's knell,
Long banish'd from the world's insulting throng;
With thee, and thy unfriended offspring, dwell.

SONNET IX.

AT DOVER CLIFFS.

JULY 20, 1787.

On these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wand'rer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still Eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he lov'd most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But if, like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The World his country, and his God his guide.

SONNET X.

AT OSTEND, LANDING.

JULY 21, 1787.

THE orient beam illumes the parting oar—
From yonder azure track, emerging white,
The earliest sail slow gains upon the sight,
And the blue wave comes rippling to the shore—
Meantime far off the rear of darkness flies:
Yet 'mid the beauties of the morn, unmov'd,
Like one for ever torn from all he lov'd,
Tow'rds Albion's heights I turn my longing eyes,
Where every pleasure seemed erewhile to dwell:
Yet boots it not to think, or to complain,
Musing sad ditties to the reckless main:
To dreams like these, adieu!—the pealing bell
Speaks of the hour that stays not—and the day
To life's sad turmoil calls my heart away.

SONNET XI.

AT OSTEND,

JULY 22, 1787.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now, along the white and level tide,
They fling their melancholy musick wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Of summer-days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
The mournful magick of their mingling chime
First wak'd my wond'ring childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

SONNET XII.

ON THE

RIVER RHINE.

'TWAS morn, and beauteous on the mountain's brow
(Hung with the beamy clusters of the vine)
Stream'd the blue light, when on the sparkling RHINE
We bounded, and the white waves round the prow
In murmurs parted;—varying as we go,
Lo! the woods open, and the rocks retire,
Some convent's ancient walls or glist'ning spire
'Mid the bright landscape's track unfolding slow.
Here dark with furrow'd aspect, like despair,
Frowns the bleak cliff—there on the woodland's side
The shadowy sunshine pours its streaming tide;
Whilst Hope, enchanted with the scene so fair,
Would wish to linger many a summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

SONNET XIII.

AT

A CONVENT.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
(His bosom glowing from majestick views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues)
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—
'Tis poor Matilda!—To the cloister'd scene,
A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
To shed her tears unmark'd, and quench the flame
Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle;—
Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend,
Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
Now, far remov'd from every earthly ill,
Her woes are bury'd, and her heart is still.

SONNET XIV.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away;
On Thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dry'd the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam, of the transient show'r
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet ah! how much must that poor heart endure,
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

SONNET XV.

LANGUID, and sad, and slow, from day to day
I journey on, yet pensive turn to view
(Where the rich landscape gleams with softer hue)
The streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.
So fares it with the children of the earth:
For when life's goodly prospect opens round,
Their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
Where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles,
And soon a longing look, like me, they cast
Back on the pleasing prospect of the past:
Yet Fancy points where still far onward smiles
Some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
'Till cheerless on their path the night descends.

SONNET XVI.

ON

A DISTANT VIEW OF ENGLAND.

AH! from mine eyes the tears unbidden start,
As thee, my country, and the long-lost sight
Of thy own cliffs, that lift their summits white
Above the wave, once more my beating heart
With eager hope and filial transport hails!
Scenes of my youth, reviving gales ye bring,
As when erewhile the tuneful morn of spring
Joyous awoke amidst your blooming vales,
And fill'd with fragrance every painted plain:
Fled are those hours, and all the joys they gave!
Yet still I gaze, and count each rising wave
That bears me nearer to your haunts again;
If haply, 'mid those woods and vales so fair,
Stranger to Peace, I yet may meet her there.

SONNET XVII.

TO THE

RIVER CHERWELL, OXFORD.

CHERWELL! how pleas'd along thy willow'd hedge
Erewhile I stray'd, or when the morn began
To tinge the distant turret's gleamy fan,
Or evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge!
And now reposing on thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose musick on my melancholy way
I woo'd: amid thy waving willows hoar
Seeking awhile to rest—till the bright sun
Of joy return, as when Heaven's beauteous bow
Beams on the night-storm's passing wings below:
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
'Till Eve's last hush shall close the silent scene.

SONNETS.

PART SECOND.

Part Second.

SONNET XVIII.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard
Heartless the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bath'd with slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head
In varying forms fantastick wander white;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight.
With such delight, o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

SONNET XIX.

OCTOBER 1792.

Go then, and join the roaring city's throng!
Me thou dost leave to solitude and tears,
To busy phantasies, and boding fears,
Lest ill betide thee: but 'twill not be long,
And the hard season shall be past: till then
Live happy; sometimes the forsaken shade
Rememb'ring, and these trees now left to fade;
Nor, 'mid the busy scenes and "hum of men,"
Wilt thou my cares forget: in heaviness
To me the hours shall roll, weary and slow,
Till mournful autumn past, and all the snow
Of winter pale! the glad hour I shall bless,
That shall restore thee from the crowd again,
To the green hamlet in the peaceful plain.

SONNET XX.

NOVEMBER 1792.

THERE is strange musick in the stirring wind,
When low'rs th' autumnal eve, and all alone
To the dark wood's cold covert thou art gone,
Whose ancient trees on the rough slope reclin'd
Rock, and at times scatter their tresses sear.
If in such shades, beneath their murmuring,
Thou late hast pass'd the happier hours of spring,
With sadness thou wilt mark the fading year;
Chiefly if one, with whom such sweets at morn
Or eve thou'st shar'd, to distant scenes shall stray.
O spring, return! return, auspicious May!
But sad will be thy coming, and forlorn,
If she return not with thy cheering ray,
Who from these shades is gone, gone far away.

SONNET XXI.

APRIL 1793.

WHOSE was that gentle voice, that whispering sweet,
Promis'd methought long days of bliss sincere?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft musick, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping! 'Twas the voice of Hope.
Of love, and social scenes, it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek;
That, oh! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me! the prospect sadden'd as she sung;
Loud on my startl'd ear the death-bell rung;
Chill darkness wrapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst Horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
"No peace be thine," exclaim'd, "away, away!"

SONNET XXII.

MAY 1793.

As o'er these hills I take my silent rounds,
Still on that vision which is flown I dwell!
On images I lov'd, (alas, how well!)
Now past, and but remember'd like sweet sounds
Of yesterday! yet in my breast I keep
Such recollections, painful though they seem,
And hours of joy retrace, till from my dream
I wake, and find them not: then I could weep
To think that Time so soon each sweet devours;
To think so soon life's first endearments fail,
And we are still misled by Hope's smooth tale!
Who, like a flatterer, when the happiest hours
Are past, and most we wish her cheering lay,
Will fly, as faithless and as fleet as they!

SONNET XXIII.

NETLEY ABBEY.

FALL'N pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their prime
And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
They may have fallen like thee: Pale and forlorn,
Their brow, bespprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift, majestick yet; as they would scorn
This short-liv'd scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks smilingly they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

SONNET XXIV.

O HARMONY! thou tenderest nurse of pain,
If that thy note's sweet magick e'er can heal
Griefs which the patient spirit oft may feel,
Oh! let me listen to thy songs again,
Till Memory her fairest tints shall bring,
Hope wake with brighter eye, and list'ning seem
With smiles to think on some delightful dream,
That wav'd o'er the charm'd sense its gladsome wing:
For when thou leadest all thy soothing strains
More smooth along, the silent passions meet
In one suspended transport, sad and sweet,
And nought but sorrow's softest touch remains,
That, when the transitory charm is o'er,
Just wakes a tear, and then is felt no more.

SONNET XXV.

MAY 1793.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each coomb's romantick side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill?
Fresh flowers shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the songs of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle in the transient beam;
The shrubs and laurels which I lov'd to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies!

SONNET XXVI.

How blest with thee the path could I have trod
Of quiet life, above cold want's hard fate,
(And little wishing more) nor of the great
Envious, or their proud name! but it pleas'd God
To take thee to his mercy: thou didst go
In youth and beauty, go to thy death-bed;
Ev'n whilst on dreams of bliss we fondly fed,
Of years to come of comfort!——Be it so.
Ere this I have felt sorrow; and ev'n now
(Tho' sometimes the unbidden thought must start,
And half unman the miserable heart)
The cold dew I shall wipe from my sad brow,
And say, since hopes of bliss on earth are vain,
"Best friend, farewell, till we do meet again!"

SONNET XXVII.

ON

REVISITING OXFORD.

I Never hear the sound of thy glad bells,
OXFORD! and chime harmonious, but I say,
(Sighing to think how time has worn away)
" Some spirit speaks in the sweet tone that swells,
" Heard after years of absence, from the vale
" Where *Cherwell* winds." Most true it speaks the tale
Of days departed, and its voice recalls
Hours of delight and hope in the gay tide
Of life, and many friends now scatter'd wide
By many fates.—Peace be within thy walls!
I have scarce heart to visit thee; but yet,
Deny'd the joys sought in thy shades,—deny'd
Each better hope, since my poor ******* died,
What I have ow'd to thee, my heart can ne'er forget!

SONNET XXVIII.

WRITTEN

AT MALVERN,

JULY 11, 1793.

I SHALL behold far off thy tow'ring crest,
Proud Mountain! from thy heights as slow I stray
Down through the distant vale my homeward way,
I shall behold, upon thy rugged breast,
The parting sun sit smiling: me the while,
Escap'd the crowd, thoughts full of heaviness
May visit, as life's bitter losses press
Hard on my bosom: but I shall "beguile
"The thing I am," and think, that ev'n as thou
Dost lift in the pale beam thy forehead high,
Proud Mountain! (whilst the scatter'd vapours fly
Unheeded round thy breast) so, with calm brow,
The shades of sorrow I may meet, and wear
The smile unchang'd of peace, though prest by care!

SONNET XXIX.

ON

THE DEATH

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM BENWELL.

THOU camest with kind looks, when on the brink
Almost of death I strove, and with mild voice
Didst soothe me, bidding my poor heart rejoice,
Though smitten sore: Oh, I did little think
That thou, my friend, wouldst the first victim fall
To the stern King of Terrors! thou didst fly,
By pity prompted, at the poor man's cry;
And soon thyself wert stretch'd beneath the pall,
Livid Infection's prey. The deep distress
Of her, who best thy inmost bosom knew,
To whom thy faith was vow'd, thy soul was true,
What pow'rs of falt'ring language shall express?
As friendship bids, I feebly breathe my own,
And sorrowing say, "Pure spirit, thou art gone!"

SONNET XXX.

ON

REVIEWING THE FOREGOING.

SEPT. 21st, 1797.

I Turn these leaves with thronging thoughts, and say,
" Alas! how many friends of youth are dead,
" How many visions of fair hope have fled,
" Since first, my Muse, me met:"—So speeds away
Life, and its shadows; yet we sit and sing,
Stretch'd in the noontide bow'r, as if the day
Declin'd not, and we yet might trill our lay
Beneath the pleasant morning's purple wing
That fans us, while aloft the gay clouds shine!
Oh, ere the coming of the long cold night,
RELIGION, may we bless thy purer light,
That still shall warm us, when the tints decline
O'er earth's dim hemisphere, and sad we gaze
On the vain visions of our passing days!

Elegy,

WRITTEN AT THE

HOTWELLS, BRISTOL.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. W. HOWLEY,

FELLOW OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

. . . . . " Ibi hæc incondita secum
" Montibus et silvis studio jactabit inani."

VIRG.

Elegy,

WRITTEN AT THE

HOTWELLS, BRISTOL, JULY 1789.

THE morning wakes in shadowy mantle grey,
The darksome woods their glimmering skirts unfold,
Prone from the cliff the falcon wheels her way,
And long and loud the bell's slow chime is toll'd.

The redd'ning light gains fast upon the skies,
And far away the glist'ning vapours sail,
Down the rough steep th' accustom'd hedger hies,
And the stream winds in brightness thro' the vale!

How beauteous the pale rocks above the shore
Uplift their bleak and furrow'd aspect high;
How proudly desolate their foreheads hoar,
That meet the earliest sunbeam of the sky!

Bound to yon dusky mart,* with pennants gay,
The tall bark, on the winding water's line,
Between the riven cliffs plies her hard way,
And peering on the sight the white sails shine.

Alas! for those by drooping sickness worn,
Who now come forth to meet the cheering ray;
And feel the fragrance of the tepid morn
Round their torn breast and throbbing temples play!

Perhaps they muse with a desponding sigh
On the cold vault that shall their bones inurn;
Whilst every breeze seems, as it whispers by,
To breathe of comfort never to return.

Yet oft, as sadly-thronging dreams arise,
Awhile forgetful of their pain they gaze,
A transient lustre lights their faded eyes,
And o'er their cheek the tender hectick strays.

The purple morn that paints with sidelong gleam
The cliff's tall crest, the waving woods that ring
With charm of birds rejoicing in the beam,
Touch soft the wakeful nerve's according string.

* Bristol.

Then at sad Meditation's silent hour
A thousand wishes steal upon the heart;
And, whilst they meekly bend to Heav'n's high pow'r,
Ah! think 'tis hard, 'tis surely hard to part—

To part from every hope that brought delight
From those that lov'd them, those they lov'd so much!
Then Fancy swells the picture on the sight,
And softens every scene at every touch.

Sweet as the mellow'd woods beneath the moon,
Rememb'rance lends her soft-uniting shades;
Some natural tears she drops, but wipes them soon:—
The world retires, and its dim prospect fades!

Airs of delight, that soothe the aching sense;
Waters of health, that through yon caverns glide;
O kindly yet your healing powers dispense,
And bring back feeble life's exhausted tide!

Perhaps to these grey rocks and mazy springs
Some heart may come, warm'd with the purest fire;
For whom bright Fancy plumes her radiant wings,
And warbling Muses wake the lonely lyre.

Some orphan Maid, deceiv'd in early youth,
Pale o'er yon spring may hang in mute distress;
Who dreamt of faith, of happiness, and truth,
Of love—that Virtue would protect and bless.

Some musing youth in silence there may bend,
Untimely stricken by sharp sorrow's dart;
For friendship form'd, yet left without a friend,
And bearing still the arrow at his heart.

Such was lamented RUSSELL's hapless doom,
The gay companion of my stripling prime;
Ev'n so he sunk unwept into the tomb,
And o'er his head clos'd the dark gulph of time.

Hither he came,* a wan and weary guest,
A softening balm for many a wound to crave;
And woo'd the sunshine to his aching breast,
Which now seems smiling on his verdant grave!

* The Rev. *Thomas Russell*, Fellow of New College, Oxford, author of some ingenious Poems, died at the Hotwells 1788, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.

He heard the whisp'ring winds that now I hear,
As, boding much, along these hills he pass'd;
Yet ah! how mournful did they meet his ear
On that sad morn he heard them for the last!

So sinks the scene, like a departed dream,
Since late we sojourn'd blythe in WYKEHAM's bow'rs,*
Or heard the merry bells by ISIS' stream,
And thought our way was strew'd with fairy flow'rs!

Of those with whom we play'd upon the lawn
Of early life, in the fresh morning play'd;
Alas! how many, since that vernal dawn,
Like thee, poor RUSSELL, in the ground are laid.

Joyous awhile they wander'd hand in hand,
By friendship led along the spring-tide plain!
How oft did Fancy wake her transports bland,
And on the lids the glist'ning tear detain!

I yet survive, now musing other song,
That that which early pleas'd my vacant years;
Thinking how days and hours have pass'd along,
Mark'd by much pleasure some, and some by tears!

* Winchester College.

Thankful, that to these verdant scenes I owe
That he* whom late I saw all drooping pale,
Rais'd from the couch of sickness and of woe,
Now lives with me their mantling views to hail.

Thankful, that still the landscape beaming bright,
Of pendant mountain, or of woodland grey,
Can wake the wonted sense of pure delight,
And charm awhile my solitary way.

Enough:—Through the high heav'n the proud sun rides,
My wand'ring steps their silent path pursue
Back to the crowded world where fortune guides:
CLIFTON, to thy white rocks and woods adieu!

* Mr. Howley.

ON

THE DEATH

OF

HENRY HEADLEY,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

ON

THE DEATH

OF

HENRY HEADLEY.

To every gentle Muse in vain allied,
In youth's full early morning HEADLEY died!
Ah! long had sickness left her pining trace,
Rueful and wan, on each decaying grace;
Untimely sorrow touch'd his thoughtful mien!
Despair upon his languid smile was seen!
Yet Resignation, musing on the grave,
(When now no hope could cheer, no pity save)
And Virtue, that scarce felt its fate severe,
And pale Affection, dropping soft a tear
For friends belov'd, from whom she soon must part,
Breath'd a sad solace on his aching heart.
Nor ceas'd he yet to stray, where, winding wild,
The Muse's path his drooping steps beguil'd,

Intent to rescue some neglected rhyme,
Lone-blooming, from the mournful waste of time;
And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile
Like flow'rs upon some long-forsaken pile.*

Far from the murmuring crowd, unseen, he sought
Each charm congenial to his sadden'd thought.
When the grey morn illum'd the mountain's side,
To hear the sweet birds' earliest song he hied;
When meekest eve to the fold's distant bell
Listen'd, and bade the woods and vales farewell,
Musing in tearful mood, he oft was seen
The last that linger'd o'er the fading green.

The waving wood, high o'er the cliff reclin'd,
The murm'ring water-fall, the winter's wind,
His temper's trembling texture seem'd to suit,
Like airs of sadness the responsive lute.

Yet deem not hence the social spirit dead,
Though from the world's hard gaze his feelings fled.

* Alluding to *Beauties of Ancient Poetry*, published by Mr. H.

Firm was his friendship, and his faith sincere,
And warm as Pity's his unheeded tear,
That wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate,
By fortune's storms left cold and desolate.

Farewell!—yet be this humble tribute paid
To all thy virtues, from that *social shade**
Where once we sojourn'd.——I, alas! remain
To mourn the hours of youth (yet mourn in vain)
That fled neglected.——Wisely thou hast trod
The better path; and that High Meed, which God
Ordain'd for Virtue, tow'ring from the dust,
Shall bless thy labours, spirit! pure and just.

* Trinity College, Oxford.

VERSES

ON READING

MR. HOWARD'S

DESCRIPTION OF PRISONS, &c.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. J. WARTON,

MASTER OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

ON

MR. HOWARD's

ACCOUNT OF LAZARETTOS.

MORTAL! who, arm'd with holy fortitude,
The path of good right onward hast pursued;
May HE, to whose eternal throne on high
The sufferers of the earth with anguish cry,
Be thy protector! On that dreary road
That leads thee patient to the last abode
Of wretchedness, in peril and in pain,
May He thy steps direct, thy heart sustain!
('Mid scenes, where pestilence in darkness flies;
In caverns, where deserted misery lies;)
So safe beneath his shadow thou may'st go,
To cheer the dismal wastes of human woe.

Oh, CHARITY! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heav'n, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
Thine are the ample views, that unconfin'd
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind;
Thine is the spirit, that with widest plan
Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

But who for thee, O CHARITY! will bear
Hardship, and cope with peril and with care?
Who, for thy sake, will social sweets forego
For scenes of sickness, and the sights of woe?
Who, for thy sake, will seek the prison's gloom,
Where ghastly Guilt implores her ling'ring doom;

Where Penitence unpity'd sits, and pale,
That never told to human ears her tale;
Where Agony, half-famish'd, cries in vain;
Where dark Despondence murmurs o'er her chain;
Where sunk Disease is wasted to the bone,
And hollow-ey'd Despair forgets to groan?

Approving Mercy marks the vast design,
And proudly cries—"HOWARD, the task be thine!"

Already 'mid the darksome vaults profound,
The caves, hid fathoms deep beneath the ground,
Consoling hath thy tender look appear'd:
In horror's realm the voice of peace is heard!

Be the sad scene disclos'd;—fearless unfold
The grating door—the inmost cell behold!
Thought shrinks from the dread sight; the paly lamp
Burns faint amid th' infectious vapours damp;
Beneath its light full many a livid mien,
And haggard eye-ball, through the dusk are seen.
In thought I see thee, at each hollow sound,
With humid lids oft anxious gaze around.

But oh! for him, who, to yon vault confin'd,
Has bid a long farewell to human kind;
His wasted form, his cold and bloodless cheek,
A tale of sadder sorrow seem to speak—
Of friends, perhaps now mingl'd with the dead;
Of hope, that, like a faithless flatterer, fled
In th' utmost hour of need; or of a son
Cast to the bleak world's mercy; or of one
Whose heart was broken, when the stern behest
Tore him from pale affection's bleeding breast.
Despairing, from his cold and flinty bed,
With fearful mutt'ring he hath rais'd his head:
" What pitying spirit, what unwonted guest,
" Strays to this last retreat, these shades unblest?
" From life and light shut out, beneath this cell
" Long have I bid the cheering sun farewell.
" I heard for ever clos'd the jealous door,
" I mark'd my bed on the forsaken floor,
" I had no hope on earth, no human friend:
" Let me unpity'd to the dust descend!"
Cold is his frozen heart—his eye is rear'd
To Heav'n no more—and on his sable beard
The tear has ceas'd to fall. Thou canst not bring
Back to his mournful heart the morn of spring—

Thou canst not bid the rose of health renew
Upon his wasted cheek her crimson hue:
But at thy look, (ere yet to hate resign'd,
He murmurs his last curses on mankind)
At thy kind look one tender thought shall rise,
And his full soul shall thank thee ere he dies!

O ye, who list to Pleasure's vacant song,
As in her silken train ye troop along;
Who, like rank cowards, from affliction fly,
Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
Lie slumb'ring in the sun:——Awake, arise——
To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
The awful view with other feelings scan,
And learn from HOWARD what man owes to man!

These, Virtue! are thy triumphs, that adorn
Fitliest our nature, and bespeak us born
For loftier action; not to gaze and run
From clime to clime; or batten in the sun,
Dragging a drony flight from flow'r to flow'r,
Like summer insects in a gaudy hour;
Nor yet o'er love-sick tales with fancy range,
And cry—" *'Tis pitiful, 'tis passing strange!*"

But on life's vary'd views to look around,
And raise expiring sorrow from the ground:—
And he—who thus hath borne his part assign'd
In the sad fellowship of human kind,
Or for a moment sooth'd the bitter pain
Of a poor brother—has not liv'd in vain!

But 'tis not that Compassion should bestow
An unavailing tear on want or woe:
Lo! fairer Order rises from thy plan,
Befriending virtue, and adorning man.
That comfort cheers the dark abode of pain,
Where wan Diease oft cry'd for aid in vain;
That Mercy soothes the hard behest of law;
That Misery smiles upon her bed of straw;
That the dark felons' clan, no more, combin'd,
Murmur in murd'rous leagues against mankind;
That to each cell, a mild yet mournful guest,
Contrition comes, and stills the beating breast,
Whilst long-forgotten tears of virtue flow;
Thou, generous friend of all!—to thee we owe!
To thee, that Pity sees her views expand
To many a cheerless haunt, and distant land!

Whilst warm Philanthropy extends her ray,
Wide as the world, and general as the day!

HOWARD! I view those deeds, and think how vain
The triumphs of weak man—the feeble strain,
That Flattery sings to Conquest's crimson car,
Amid the banner'd host, and the proud tents of war!

From realm to realm the hideous War-fiend hies
Wide o'er the wasted earth—before him flies
Affright, on pinions fleeter than the wind;
And Death and Desolation fast behind
The havock of his echoing march pursue:
Meantime his steps are bath'd in the warm dew
Of bloodshed, and of tears;—but his dread name
Shall perish—the loud clarion of his fame
One day shall cease, and wrapt in hideous gloom,
Forgetfulness sit on his shapelesss tomb!

But bear Thou fearless on:—the GOD of all,
To whom th' afflicted kneel, the friendless call,
From his high throne of mercy shall approve
The holy deeds of Mercy and of Love:

For when the vanities of life's brief day
Oblivion's hurrying wing shall sweep away,
Each act by Charity and Mercy done,
High o'er the wrecks of time shall live alone
Immortal as the heav'ns, and beauteous bloom
To other worlds, and realms beyond the tomb.

THE

GRAVE OF HOWARD.

" His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
" Munere." - - - - - - VIRG.

THE

GRAVE OF HOWARD.

SPIRIT of Death! whose outstretch'd pennons dread
Wave o'er the world beneath their shadow spread,
Who darkly speedest on thy destin'd way,
'Mid shrieks, and cries, and sounds of dire dismay;
Spirit! behold thy victory—assume
A form more terrible, an ampler plume;
For He, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
List'ning to misery's universal moan;
He, who, sustain'd by Virtue's arm sublime,
Tended the sick and poor from clime to clime,
Low in the dust is laid—thy noblest spoil!
And Mercy ceases from her awful toil!

'Twas where the pestilence at thy command
Arose to desolate the sick'ning land,
When many a mingl'd cry and dying pray'r
Resounded to the list'ning midnight air,
When deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
And the wan carcase fester'd as it fell:
'Twas there, with holy Virtue's awful mien,
Amid the sad sights of that fearful scene,
Calm he was found: the dews of death he dry'd;
He spoke of comfort to the poor that cry'd;
He watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
Ere yet the languid sense was lost in death;
And, with that look protecting angels wear,
Hung o'er the dismal couch of pale despair!

Friend of mankind! thy righteous task is o'er;
The heart, that throbb'd with pity, beats no more.

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
Where'er the just and good thy tale shall hear,
A tear shall fall: alone, amidst the gloom
Of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,
The captive, mourning o'er his chain, shall bend
To think the cold earth holdshis only friend!—

He who with labour draws his wasting breath
On the forsaken silent bed of death,
Rememb'ring thy last look and anxious eye,
Shall gaze around, unvisited, and die.

Friend of mankind, farewell!—these tears we shed,
So nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
Yet we forget not, it was his high will,
Who saw thee virtue's arduous task fulfil,
Thy spirit from its toil at last should rest:—
So wills thy God, and what He wills is best!

Thou hast encounter'd dark disease's train,
Thou hast convers 'd with poverty and pain,
Thou hast behel d the dreariest forms of woe,
That through this mournful vale unfriended go;
And pale with sympathy hast paus'd to hear
The saddest plaints e'er told to human ear.
Go then, the task fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
Where sickness, want, and pain, are known no more!

How awful did thy lonely track appear,
Enlight'ning misery's benighted sphere!

As when an angel all-serene goes forth
To still the raging tempest of the North,
Th' embattl'd clouds that hid the struggling day,
Slow from his face retire, in dark array;
On the black waves, like promontories hung,
A light, as of the orient morn, is flung,
'Till blue and level heaves the silent brine,
And the new-lighted rocks at distance shine:
E'en so didst thou go forth with cheering eye—
Before thy look the shades of misery fly;
So didst thou hush the tempest, stilling wide
Of human woe the loud-lamenting tide.

Nor shall the spirit of those deeds expire,
As fades the feeble spark of vital fire,
But beam abroad, and cheer with lustre mild
Humanity's remotest prospects wild,
'Till this frail orb shall from its sphere be hurl'd
'Till final ruin hush the murmuring world,
And all its sorrows, at the awful blast
Of the Archangel's trump, be but as shadows past!

Relentless Time, that steals with silent tread,
Shall tear away the trophies of the dead.

Fame, on the pyramid's aspiring top,
With sighs shall her recording trumpet drop;
The feeble characters of Glory's hand
Shall perish, like the tracks upon the sand;
But not with these expire the sacred flame
Of virtue, or the good man's awful name.

HOWARD! it matters not, that far away
From Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
Thy steps were led through many a distant land,
Thy long and last abode should there be found,
Where many a savage nation prowls around;
That Virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise,
And pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,
Teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
Lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
Pale on thy grave shall drop his falt'ring spear;
The cold, unpitying Cossack thirst no more
To bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
Relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
Or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
New views of life, and wider charities.
Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
From the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring shore,
From many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
From many a dark-descending cataract,
Succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place,
Where sleeps the general friend of human race,
Instruct their children what a debt they owe,
Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
Then bid them to their native woods depart,
With new-born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
In hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
Bent on the frontiers of th' Imperial Czar,
To pour the tempest of vindictive war;
If onward to those shores they haply steer
Where, HOWARD, thy cold dust reposes near,
Whilst o'er the wave the silken pennants stream
And seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
Amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
Shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,

T. Kirk. del.t J. G. Walker. sc.

Instruct their Children what a Debt they owe,
Speak of the man who trod the paths of woe: — Page 70.

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and R. Cruttwell, Bath.

And the relenting Pagan turn aside
To think—on yonder shore the *Christian* died!

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
An exile many a year and far from home,
If ever fortune thy lone footsteps leads
To the wild Nieper's banks, and whisp'ring reeds,
O'er HOWARD's Grave thou shalt impassion'd bend,
As if to hold sad converse with a friend.
Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
Where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
There shalt thou pause; and shutting from thy heart
Some vain regrets that oft unbidden start,
Think upon him to every lot resign'd,
Who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for mankind.

For me, who musing, HOWARD, on thy fate,
These pensive strains at evening meditate,
I thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught
To mend my heart, or animate my thought.
I thank thee, HOWARD, for that awful view
Of life which thou hast drawn, most sad, most true.
Thou art no more! and the frail fading bloom
Of this poor offering dies upon thy tomb:

Beyond the transient sound of earthly praise
Thy virtues live, perhaps, in seraph's lays!
I, borne in thought, to the wild Nieper's wave,
Sigh to the reeds that whisper o'er thy grave.

ON

SHAKESPEARE.

O Sovereign Master, who with lonely state
Dost rule as in some isle's inchanted land,
On whom soft airs and shadowy spirits wait,
Whilst scenes of faerie bloom at thy command!
On thy wild shores forgetful could I lie,
And list, 'till earth dissolv'd to thy sweet minstrelsy!

Call'd by thy magick from the hoary deep,
Aërial forms should in bright troops ascend,
And then a wond'rous mask before me sweep;
Whilst sounds, *that the earth own'd not*, seem to blend
Their stealing melodies, that when the strain
Ceas'd, *I should weep, and would so dream again!*

The song is ceas'd. Ah! who, pale shade, art thou,
Sad raving to the rude tempestuous night?
Sure thou hast had much wrong, so stern thy brow;
So piteous thou dost tear thy tresses white;
So wildly thou dost cry, "*Blow, bitter wind,*
"*Ye elements, I call not you unkind.*"*

Beneath the shade of nodding branches grey,
'Mid rude romantick woods, and glens forlorn,
The merry hunters wear the hours away;
Rings the deep forest to the joyous horn!
Joyous to all, but him,† who with sad look
Hangs idly musing by the brawling brook.

But mark the merry elves of fairy land!‡
To the high moon's gleamy glance,
They with shadowy morrice dance;
Soft musick dies along the desert sand;
Soon at peep of cold-ey'd day,
Soon the numerous lights decay;
Merrily, now merrily,
After the dewy moon they fly.

* Lear. † Jaques: *As You Like It.* ‡ *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

The charm is wound: I see an aged form,
In white robes, on the winding sea-shore stand;
O'er the careering surge he waves his wand:
Hark! on the bleak rock bursts the swelling storm.
Now from bright op'ning clouds I hear a lay,
*Come to these yellow sands, fair stranger,** *come away.*

Saw ye pass by the wëird sisters pale?§
Mark'd ye the low'ring castle on the heath?
Hark! hark! is the deed done? the deed of death!
The deed is done:—hail, king of Scotland, hail!
I see no more;—to many a fearful sound
The bloody cauldron sinks, and all is dark around.

Pity! touch the trembling strings,
A maid, a beauteous maniack, wildly sings:
" They laid him in the ground so cold,†
" Upon his breast the earth is thrown;
" High is heap'd the grassy mould,
" *Oh! he is dead and gone.*
" The winds of the winter blow o'er his cold breast,
" But pleasant shall be his rest."

* Ferdinand: see *The Tempest.* § See *Macbeth.* † Ophelia: *Hamlet.*

O sovereign Master! at whose sole command
We start with terror, or with pity weep;
O! where is now thy all-creating wand?
Bury'd ten thousand fathoms in the deep.
The staff is broke, the powerful spell is fled,
And never earthly guest shall in thy circle tread.

ABBA THULE.

[See History of the Pelew Islands.]

I Climb the highest cliff: I hear the sound
Of dashing waves; I gaze intent around:
I mark the sun that orient lifts his head!
I mark the sea's lone rule beneath him spread:
But not a speck can my long-straining eye,
A shadow, o'er the tossing waste descry,
That I might weep tears of delight, and say,
"It is the bark that bore my child away!"

Thou sun, that beamest bright, beneath whose eye
The worlds unknown, and out-stretch'd waters, lie,
Dost thou behold him now? On some rude shore,
Around whose crags the cheerless billows roar,
Watching th' unweary'd surges doth he stand,
And think upon his father's distant land?

Or has his heart forgot, so far away,
These native scenes, these rocks, and torrents grey,
The tall bananas whispering to the breeze,
The shores, the sound of these encircling seas,
Heard from his infant days, and the pil'd heap
Of holy stones, where his forefathers sleep?

Ah, me! 'till sunk by sorrow, I shall dwell
With them forgetful in the narrow cell,
Never shall time from my fond heart efface
His image; oft his shadow I shall trace
Upon the glimmering waters, when on high
The white moon wanders through the cloudless sky.
Oft in my silent cave (when to its fire
From the night's rushing tempest we retire)
I shall behold his form, his aspect bland;
I shall retrace his footsteps in the sand;
And, when the hollow-sounding surges swell,
Still think I listen to his echoing shell.

Would I had perish'd ere that hapless day,
When the tall vessel, in its trim array,
First rush'd upon the sounding surge, and bore
My age's comfort from the sheltering shore!

I saw it spread its white wings to the wind—
Too soon it left these hills and woods behind—
Gazing, its course I follow'd till mine eye
No longer could its distant track descry;
Till on the confines of the billows hoar
Awhile it hung, and then was seen no more;
And only the blue hollow heav'n I spy'd,
And the long waste of waters tossing wide.

More mournful then each falling surge I heard,
Then dropt the stagnant tear upon my beard.
Methought the wild waves said, amidst their roar
At midnight, " Thou shalt see thy son no more!"

Now thrice twelve moons through the mid heav'ns
have roll'd,
And many a dawn, and slow night, have I told;
And still, as every weary day goes by,
A knot recording on my line I tie;
But never more, emerging from the main,
I see the stranger's bark approach again.
Has the fell storm o'erwhelm'd him? Has its sweep
Bury'd the bounding vessel in the deep?

Is he cast bleeding on some desert plain?
Upon his father did he call in vain?
Have pitiless and bloody tribes defil'd
The cold limbs of my brave, my beauteous child!

Oh! I shall never, never hear his voice;
The spring-time shall return, the isles rejoice;
But faint and weary I shall meet the morn,
And 'mid the cheering sunshine droop forlorn!

The joyous conch sounds in the high wood loud,
O'er all the beach now stream the busy crowd;
Fresh breezes stir the waving plantain grove;
The fisher carols in the winding cove;
And light canoes along the lucid tide
With painted shells and sparkling paddles glide.
I linger on the desert rock alone,
Heartless, and cry for thee, my Son, my Son.

VERSES

ON THE

BNEEVOLENT INSTITUTION

OF

THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY,

FOR

PROTECTING AND EDUCATING

THE

CHILDREN OF VAGRANTS AND CRIMINALS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY *was instituted in Sept.* 1788, *FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRIMES, by seeking out, and training up to virtue and industry, the Children of the most abject and criminal among the vagrant and profligate Poor; by these means more effectually to alleviate human misery, and to oppose the progress of vice.*

Kirk del. *Ridley sculp.*

Faint, and despairing of To morrow's Bread.

Page 87.

Published Feb. 1. 1798, by C. Dilly, — Cadell & Davies, London; — and R. Cruttwell, Bath.

VERSES

INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF LEEDS,

AND OTHER PROMOTERS OF

THE PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY.

WHEN Want, with wasted mien and haggard eye,
Retires in silence to her cell to die;
When o'er her child she hangs with speechless dread,
Faint, and despairing of to-morrow's bread;
Who shall approach to bid the conflict cease,
And to her parting spirit whisper peace?
Who thee, poor Infant, that with aspect bland
Dost stretch forth innocent thy helpless hand,
Shall pitying then protect, when thou art thrown
On the world's waste, unfriended and alone?

Oh! hapless Infancy! if aught could move
The hardest heart to pity and to love,
'Twere surely found in thee: dim passions mark
Stern manhood's brow, where age impresses dark
The stealing line of sorrow; but thine eye
Wears not distrust, or grief, or perfidy:—
Though fortune's storms with dismal shadow low'r,
Thy heart nor fears, nor feels, the bitter show'r;
Thy tear is soon forgotten; thou wilt weep,
And then the murmuring winds will hush thy sleep,
As 'twere with some sad musick;—and thy smiles,
Unlike to those that mask oft cruel wiles,
Plead best thy speechless innocence, and lend
A charm might win the world to be thy friend!

But thou art oft abandon'd in thy smiles,
And early vice thy easy heart beguiles.
O for some voice, that of the secret maze
Where the grim passions lurk, the winding ways
That lead to sin, and ruth, and deep lament,
Might haply warn thee, whilst yet innocent,
And beauteous as the spring-time o'er the hills
Advancing, when each vale glad musick fills!

Else lost and wand'ring, the benighted mind
No spot of rest again shall ever find:
Then the sweet smiles, that erst enchanting laid
Their magick beauty on thy look, shall fade:
Then the bird's warbl'd song no more shall cheer
With morning musick thy delighted ear:
Fell thoughts and muttering passions shall awake,
And the fair rose the sully'd cheek forsake!

As when still Autumn's gradual gloom is laid
Far o'er the fading forest's sadden'd shade,
A mournful gleam illumines the cold hill,
Yet palely wandering o'er the distant rill;
But when the hollow gust, slow rising, raves,
And high the pine on yon lone summit waves,
Each milder charm, like pictures of a dream,
Is perish'd, mute the birds, and dark the stream;
Scuds the drear sleet upon the whirlwind borne,
And scouls the landscape clouded and forlorn!—

So fades, so perishes, frail Virtue's hue:—
Her last and lingering smile seems but to rue,
Like Autumn, every summer beauty reft,
'Tis all is dark and to the winter left.

Yet Spring, with living touch, shall paint again
The green-leav'd forest, and the purple plain;
With mingling melody the woods shall ring,
The whisp'ring breeze its long-lost incense fling:
But, Innocence! when once thy tender flower
The sickly taint has touch'd, where is that power
That shall bring back its fragrance, or restore
The tints of loveliness, that shine no more?

How then for thee, who pinest in life's gloom,
Abandon'd child! shall hope or virtue bloom!
For thee, expos'd amid the desert drear,
Which no glad gales or vernal sunbeams cheer?

Though some there are, who lift their head sublime,
Nor heed the transient storms of fate or time;
Too oft, alas! beneath unfriendly skies,
The tender blossom shrinks its leaves, and dies!

Go, struggle with thy fate, pursue thy way—
Though thou art poor, the world around is gay.
Thou hast no bread; but on thy aching sight
Proud luxury's pavillions glitter bright;

In thy cold ear the song of gladness swells,
Whilst vacant folly chimes her tinkling bells:
The careless crowd prolong their hollow glee,
Nor one relenting bosom thinks of thee.

Will not the indignant spirit then rebel,
And the dark tide of passions fearful swell?
Will not despight, perhaps, or bitter need,
Urge then thy temper to some direful deed?
Pale Guilt shall call thee to her ghastly band,
Or Murder welcome thee with reeking hand!
O wretched state, where our best feelings lie
Deep sunk in sullen, hopeless apathy!
Or wakeful cares, or gloomy terrors start,
And night and tempest mingle on the heart!

All mournful to the pensive sage's eye,
The monuments of human glory lie—
Fall'n palaces, crush'd by the ruthless haste
Of time, and many an empire's silent waste,
Where, 'midst the vale of long-departed years,
The form of desolation dim appears,
Pointing to the wild plain with ruin spread,
The wrecks of age and records of the dead:

But where a sight shall shudd'ring sorrow find,
Sad as the ruins of the human mind;—
As Man, by his GREAT MAKER! rais'd sublime
Amid the universe, ordain'd to climb
The arduous height where Virtue sits serene;—
As Man, the high lord of this nether scene,
So fall'n, so lost!—his noblest boast destroy'd,
His sweet affections left a piteous void?

But oh, sweet CHARITY! what sounds were those
That met the list'ning ear, soft as the close
Of distant musick, when the hum of day
Is hush'd, and dying gales the airs convey!
" Come, hapless Orphans, (meek Compassion cry'd)
" Where'er, unshelter'd outcasts, ye abide
" The bitter-driving wind, the freezing sky,
" *Th' oppressor's scourge, the proud man's contumely;*
" Come, hapless Orphans! ye who never saw
" A tear of kindness shed on your cold straw;
" Who never met with joy the morning light,
" Or lisp'd your little pray'r of peace at night:
" Come, hapless Orphans! nor, when youth should spring
" Soaring aloft, as on an eagle's wing,

" Shall ye forsaken on the ground be left,
" Of hope, of virtue, and of peace bereft!
" Far from the spring-tide gale, and joyous day,
" In the deep caverns of Despair ye lay:
" She, iron-hearted mother, never press'd
" Your wasted forms with transport to her breast;
" When none o'er all the world your 'plaint would hear,
" She never kiss'd away the falling tear,
" Or fondly smil'd, forgetful, to behold
" Some infant grace its early charm unfold.
" She ne'er, with mingling hopes and rising fears,
" Sigh'd for the fortune of your future years;
" Or saw you hand in hand rejoicing stray
" Beneath the morning sun, on youth's delightful way.
" But happier scenes invite, and fairer skies——
" From your dark bed, Children of woe, arise!"

In caves where peace ne'er smil'd, where joy ne'er
came,
Where friendship's eye ne'er glisten'd at the name
Of one she lov'd, where famine and despair
Sat silent 'mid the damp and lurid air,
The soothing voice is heard; a beam of light
Is cast upon their features sunk and white;

With trembling joy they catch the stealing sound;
Their famish'd little ones come smiling round.

Sweet Infancy! whom all the world forsook,
Thou hast put on again thy cherub look:
Guilt, shrinking at the sight, in deep dismay
Flies cow'ring, and resigns his wonted prey.

But who is she in garb of misery clad,
Yet of less vulgar mien?—a look so sad
The mourning maniack wears—so wild, yet meek:
A beam of joy now wanders o'er her cheek
The pale eye visiting: it leaves it soon,
As fade the dewy glances of the moon
Upon some wand'ring cloud, while slow the ray
Retires, and leaves more dark the heav'ns' wide way.

Lost mother, early doom'd to guilt and shame,
Whose friends of youth now sigh not o'er thy name,
Heavy has sorrow fall'n upon thy head,
Yet think—one hope remains when thou art dead;
Thy houseless child, thy only little one,
Shall not look round, defenceless and alone,

T. Kirk del

J. Neagle Sc.t

Faint-gazing on the burning orb of day,
When Afric's injur'd son expiring lay,—

page 97.

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——— and Rr. Cruttwell, Bath. ———

THE

AFRICAN.

FAINT-gazing on the burning orb of day,
When Africk's injur'd son expiring lay,
His forehead cold, his labouring bosom bare,
His dewy temples, and his sable hair,
His poor companions kiss'd, and cry'd aloud,
Rejoicing, whilst his head in peace he bow'd:—

" Now thy long, long task is done,
" Swiftly, brother, wilt thou run,
" Ere to-morrow's golden beam
" Glitter on thy parent stream,
" Swiftly the delights to share,
" The feast of joy which waits thee there:
" Swiftly, brother, wilt thou ride
" O'er the long and stormy tide,

" Fleeter than the hurricane,
" Till thou view those scenes again,
" Where thy father's hut was rear'd,
" Where thy mother's voice was heard;
" Where thy infant brothers play'd
" Beneath the fragrant citron shade;
" Where through green savannahs wide
" Cooling rivers silent glide,
" Or the shrill sigarras sing
" Ceaseless to their murmuring;
" Where the dance, the festive song,
" Of many a friend divided long,
" Doom'd through stranger lands to roam,
" Shall bid thy spirit welcome home!

" Fearless o'er the foaming tide
" Again thy light canoe shall ride;
" Fearless on th' embattled plain
" Thou shalt lift thy lance again;
" Or, starting at the call of morn,
" Wake the wild woods with thy horn;
" Or, rushing down the mountain-slope,
" O'ertake the nimble antelope;

" Or lead the dance, 'mid blissful bands,
" On cool Andracte's yellow sands;
" Or, in th' embow'ring orange grove,
" Tell to thy long-forsaken love
" The wounds, the agony severe,
" Thy patient spirit suffer'd here!

" Fear not now the tyrant's pow'r—
" Past is his insulting hour—
" Mark no more the sullen trait
" On slavery's brow of scorn and hate;
" Hear no more the long sigh borne
" Murmuring on the gales of morn!

" Go in peace—yet we remain
" Far distant, toiling on in pain;
" Ere the great Sun fire the skies
" To our work of woe we rise;
" And see each night, without a friend,
" The world's great comforter descend!

" Tell our brethren, where ye meet,
" Thus we toil with weary feet;

" Yet tell them, that Love's gen'rous flame,
" In joy, in wretchedness, the same,
" In distant worlds was ne'er forgot—
" And tell them, that we murmur not—
" Tell them, though the pang will start,
" And drain the life-blood from the heart—
" Tell them, generous shame forbids
" The tear to stain our burning lids!
" Tell them, in weariness and want,
" For our native hills we pant,
" Where soon from shame and sorrow free,
" We hope in death to follow thee."

THE

AMERICAN INDIAN's SONG.

STRANGER, stay! nor wish to climb
The heights of yonder hills sublime;
For there strange shapes and spirits dwell,*
That oft the murmuring thunders swell,
Of pow'r from the impending steep
To hurl thee headlong to the deep!
But secure with us abide,
By the winding river's side;
Our gladsome toil, our pleasures share,
And think not of a world of care.

The lonely cayman,† where he feeds
Among the green high-bending reeds,
Shall yield thee pastime; thy keen dart
Through his bright scales shall pierce his heart.

---

* The Indians believe some of their high mountains to be inhabited by supernatural beings.

† Cayman—the Alligator.

Home returning from our toils,
Thou shalt bear the tyger's spoils;
And we will sing our loudest strain
O'er the forest-tyrant slain!

Sometimes thou shalt pause to hear
The beauteous cardinal sing clear,
Where hoary oaks, by time decay'd,
Nod in the deep wood's pathless glade;
And the sun with bursting ray
Quivers on the branches grey.

By the river's craggy banks,
O'erhung with stately cypress-ranks,
Where the bush-bee* hums his song,
Thy trim canoe shall graze along.

To-night at least, in this retreat,
Stranger! rest thy wand'ring feet;
To-morrow, with unerring bow,
To the deep thickets fearless we will go.

* The bush-bee hives on shrubs and low trees.

MONODY,

WRITTEN

AT

MATLOCK.

MONODY,

WRITTEN AT

MATLOCK,

1791.

MATLOCK! amid thy hoary-hanging views,
Thy glens that smile sequester'd, and thy nooks
Which yon forsaken crag all dark o'erlooks,
Once more I meet the long-neglected Muse,
As erst when by the mossy brink and falls
Of solitary WENSBECK, or the side
Of CLYSDALE'S cliffs, where first her voice she try'd,
We wander'd in our youth.—Since then, the thralls
That wait life's upland road have chill'd her breast,
And much, as much they might, her wing depress'd—
Wan Indolence, resign'd, her dead'ning hand
Laid on her heart, and Fancy her cold wand
Dropp'd at the frown of fortune; yet once more
I call her, and once more her converse sweet,

'Mid the still limits of this wild retreat,
I woo;—if yet delightful as of yore
My heart she may revisit, nor deny
The soothing aid of some sweet melody!

I hail the rugged scene that bursts around—
I mark the wreathed roots, the saplings grey,
That bend o'er the dark DERWENT's wand'ring way;
I mark its stream, with peace-persuading sound,
That steals beneath the fading foliage pale,
Or, at the foot of frowning crags uprear'd,
Complains like one forsaken and unheard.
To me, it seems to tell the pensive tale
Of spring-time, and the summer days all flown—
And while sad autumn's voice e'en now I hear
Along the umbrage of the high-wood moan,
At intervals, whose shivering leaves fall sear;
Whilst o'er the groupe of pendant groves I view
The slowly-spreading tints of pining hue,
I think of poor Humanity's brief day,
How fast its blossoms fade, its summers speed away!

When first young Hope, a golden-tressed boy,
Most musical his early madrigal

Sings to the whispering waters as they fall,
Breathing fresh airs of fragrance and of joy,
The wild woods gently wave—the morning sheds
Her rising radiance on the mountain-heads—
Strew'd with green isles appears old Ocean's reign,
And seen at distance rays of resting light
Silver the farthest promontory's height:
Then hush'd is the long murmur of the main,
Whilst silent o'er the slowly-crisping tides,
Bound to some beaming spot, the bark of pleasure glides.

Alas! the scenes that smile in light array'd,
But catch the sense, and then in darkness fade.

We, poor adventurers, of peace bereft,
Look back on the green hills which late we left,
Or turn, with beating breast and anxious eye,
To some faint hope that glimm'ring meets our sight,
(Like the lone watch-tow'r in the storm of night)
Then on the dismal waste are driv'n despairing by!

Meantime, amid the landscape cold and mute,
Hope, sweet enchanter, sighing drops his lute:

So sad decay and mortal change succeeds,
And o'er the silent scene Time, like a giant, speeds!

Yet the bleak cliffs so high
(Around whose beetling crags, with ceaseless coil,
And still-returning flight, the ravens toil)
Heed not the changeful seasons as they fly,
Nor spring, nor autumn: they their hoary brow
Uplift, and ages past, as in this NOW,
The same deep trenches unsubdu'd have worn,
The same majestick frown, and looks of lofty scorn.

So Fortitude, a mailed warrior old,
Appears: he lifts his scar-intrenched crest:
The tempest gathers round his dauntless breast:
He hears far off the storm of havock roll'd:
The feeble fall around: their sound is past:
Their sun is set: their place no more is known:
Like the wan leaves before the winter's blast
They perish:—He unshaken and alone
Remains—his brow a sterner shade assumes,
By age ennobled, whilst the hurricane,
That raves resistless o'er the ravag'd plain,
But shakes unfelt his helmet's quiv'ring plumes.

So yonder sov'reign* of the scene I mark
Above the woods rear his majestick head,
That soon all shatter'd at his feet shall shed
Their short-liv'd beauties—he the winter dark
Regardless, and the wasteful time that flies,
Rejoicing in his lonely might, defies.

Thee, wandering in the deep and craggy dell,
Sequester'd stream, with other thoughts I view:
Thou dost in solitude thy course pursue,
As thou hadst bid life's busy scenes farewell,
Yet making still such musick as might cheer
The weary passenger that journeys near.

Such are the songs of Peace in Virtue's shade,
Unheard of Folly, or the vacant train
That pipe and dance upon the noon-tide plain,
'Till in the dust together they are laid!
But not unheard of HIM, who sits sublime
Above the clouds of this tempestuous clime,
Its stir and strife; to whom more grateful rise
The humble incense, and the still small voice

* Matlock High Tor.

Of those that on their pensive way rejoice,
Than shouts of thousands echoing to the skies.
Than songs of conquest pealing round the car
Of hard Ambition, or the Fiend of War,
Sated with slaughter.—Nor may I, sweet Stream,
From thy wild banks and still retreats depart,
(Where now I meditate my casual theme)
Without some mild improvement on my heart
Pour'd sad, yet pleasing! so may I forget
The crosses and the cares that sometimes fret
Life's smoothest channel, and each wish prevent
That mars the silent current of content!

In such a spot, amidst these rugged views,
The pensive poet in his drooping age
Might wish to place his reed-roof'd hermitage—
Where much on life's vain shadows he might muse!
If fortune smil'd not on his early way,
If he were doom'd to mourn a faithless friend,
Here he might rest, and, when his hairs were grey,
Behold in peace the parting day descend:
If a hard world his errors scann'd severe,
(When late the earth receiv'd his mould'ring clay)

Perhaps some lov'd companion wand'ring near,
Plucking the grey moss from the stone, might say,
" Him I remember in our careless days
" Vacant and glad, till many a loss severe
" First hung his placid eyelids with a tear;
" Yet on such visions ardent would he gaze.
" As the muse lov'd, which oft would smile and die
" Like the faint bow that leaves the weeping sky—
" His heart unguarded, yet it proudly beat
" Against hard wrong, or coward cold deceit;—
" Nor pass'd he e'er, without a sigh, the cell
" Where wretchedness and her pale children dwell.
" He never wish'd to win the world's cold ear,
" Nor, known to those he lov'd, its blame could fear;
" Its praise he left to those, who, at their will,
" Th' ingenious strain of torturing art could trill!
" Content, as random fancies might inspire,
" If his weak reed, at times, or plaintive lyre,
" He touch'd with desultory hand, and drew
" Some soften'd tones, to Nature not untrue."

The leaves, O DERWENT! on thy bosom still
Oft with the gust now fall—the season pale

Hath smote with hand unseen the silent vale,
And slowly steals the verdure from the hill—
So the fair scene departs, yet wears awhile
The lingering traces of its beauteous smile:
But we who by thy margin stray, or climb
The cliff's aërial height, or join the song
Of hope and gladness amidst yonder throng,
(*" Losing the brief and fleeting hours of time,"*)
Reck not how age, ev'n thus, with icy hand
Hangs o'er us—how, as with a wizard's wand,
Youth blooming like the spring, and roseate mirth,
To slow and sear consumption he shall change,
And with invisible mutation strange,
Wither'd and wasted send them to the earth
Whilst hush'd, and by the mace of ruin rent,
Sinks the forsaken hall of merriment!

Bright bursts the sun upon the shaggy scene;
The aged rocks their glittering summits grey
Hang beautiful amid the beams of day.
And all the woods, with slowly-fading green,
Yet smiling wave:—severer thoughts, away!
The night is distant, and the lovely day

Looks on us yet—the sound of mirthful cheer
From yonder dome comes pleasant to mine ear.
From rock to rock reverberated swells—
Hark!—the glad musick of the village bells:
On the crag's naked point the heifer lows,
And wide below the bright'ning landscape glows!

Though brief the time and short our course to run,
DERWENT! amid the scenes that deck thy side,
(Ere yet the parting paths of life divide)
Let us rejoice, seeking what may be won
From the laborious day, or fortune's frown:
Here may we, ere the sun of life goes down,
Awhile regardless of the morrow, dwell;
Then to our destin'd roads, and speed us well!

VERSES

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

EDMUND BURKE,

ON HIS

"Reflections on the Revolutions in France."

TO

MR. BURKE.

WHY mourns th' ingenuous moralist, whose mind
Science has stor'd, and piety refin'd,
That fading Chivalry displays no more
Her pomp and stately tournaments of yore?
Lo! when Philosophy and Truth advance,
Scar'd at their frown, she drops her glittering lance;
Round her reft castles the pale ivy crawls,
And sunk and silent are her banner'd halls!

As when far off the golden Evening sails,
And slowly sink the fancy-painted vales,
With rich pavilions spread in long array;
So rolls the enchanter's radiant realm away;
So on the sight the parting glories fade,
The gorgeous vision sets in endless shade.
But shall the musing shade for this lament,
Or mourn the wizard's Gothick fabrick rent?

Shall he, with Fancy's poor and pensive child,
Gaze on his shadowy vales, and prospects wild,
With ling'ring love, and sighing bid farewell
To the dim pictures of his parting spell?

No, BURKE! thy heart, by juster feelings led,
Mourns for the spirit of high Honour fled:
Mourns that Philosophy, abstract and cold,
With'ring should smite life's fancy-flower'd mould;
And many a smiling sympathy depart,
That grac'd the sternness of the manly heart.

Nor shall the wise and virtuous scan severe
These fair illusions, ev'n to nature dear.
Though now no more proud Chivalry recalls
Her tourneys bright, and pealing festivals;
Though now on high her idle spear is hung,
Though time her mould'ring harp has half unstrung;
Her milder influence shall she still impart
To decorate, but not disguise, the heart;
To nurse the tender sympathies that play
In the short sunshine of life's early way;
For female worth and meekness to inspire
Homage and love, and temper rude desire;

Nor seldom with sweet dreams sad thoughts to cheer,
And half beguile affliction of her tear!

Lo! this her boast; and still, O BURKE! be thine
Her glowing hues that warm, yet temper'd shine:
Whilst whispers bland, and fairest dreams, attend
Thy evening path till the last shade descend!
So may she soothe, with loftier wisdom's aid,
Thy musing leisure in the silent shade,
And bid poor Fancy, her cold pinions wet,
Life's cloudy skies and beating show'rs forget.
But can her fairest form, her sweetest song,
Soothe thee, assail'd by calumny and wrong?
Ev'n now thy foes with louder accents cry,
" Champion of unrelenting tyranny,
" At Freedom hast thou aim'd the deadly blow,
" And strove with impious arm to lay her altars low!"

No, BURKE! indignant at the voice we start:
We trust thy liberal views, thy generous heart:
We think of those who, naked, pale, and poor,
Reliev'd and bless'd, have wander'd from thy door:
We see thee with unweary'd step explore
Each track of bloodshed on the farthest shore

Of injur'd Asia, and thy swelling breast
Harrowing the oppressor, mourning for the oppress'd.

No, BURKE! where'er Injustice rears her head,
Where'er with blood her idol grim is fed;
Where'er fell Cruelty at her command
With crimson banner marches through the land,
And striding, like a giant, onward hies,
Whilst man, a trodden worm, looks up, and dies;
Where'er pale Murder in her train appears
With reeking axe, and garments wet with tears;
Or low'ring Jealousy, unmov'd as fate,
Bars fast the prison-cage's iron gate
Upon the bury'd sorrows and the cries
Of him who there, lost and forgotten, lies:
When ministers like these, in fearful state,
Upon a bloody tyrant's bidding wait,
Thou too shalt own (and justice lift her rod)
The cause of Freedom is the cause of GOD!

Fair Spirit! who dost rise in beauteous pride,
Where proud Oppression hath thine arm defy'd;
When led by Virtue thou dost firm advance,
And bathe in Guilt's warm blood thy burning lance;

When all thy form its awful port assumes,
And in the tempest shake thy crimson plumes,
I mark thy lofty mien, thy steady eye,
"So FALL THY FOES!" with tears of joy, I cry.

But ne'er may Anarchy, with eyes on flame,
And mien distract, assume thy awful name,
Her pale torch sheds afar its hideous glare,
And shews the blood-drops in her dabbl'd hair;
The fiends of discord hear her hollow voice,
The spirits of the deathful storm rejoice:
As when the rising blast with muttering sweep
Sounds 'mid the branches of the forest deep,
The sad horizon lowers, the parting sun
Is hid, strange murmurs through the high wood run,
The falcon wheels away his mournful flight,
And leaves the glens to solitude and night;
Till soon the hurricane, in dismal shroud,
Comes fearful forth, and sounds her conch aloud;
The oak majestick bows his hoary head,
And ruin round his ancient reign is spread;
So the dark fiend, rejoicing in her might,
Pours desolation and the storm of night;
Before her dread career the good and just
Fly far, or sink expiring in the dust;

Wide wastes and mighty wrecks around her lie,
And the earth trembles at her impious cry!

Whether her temple, wet with human gore,
She thus may raise on *Gallia*'s ravag'd shore,
Belongs to HIM alone, and His high will,
Who bids the tempests of the world be still.*

With joy we turn to *Albion*'s happier plain,
Where ancient Freedom holds her temperate reign;
Where Justice sits majestick on her throne;
Where Mercy turns her ear to every groan!
O *Albion!* fairest isle, whose verdant plain
Springs beauteous from the blue and billowy main;
In peaceful pomp whose glitt'ring cities rise,
And lift their crowded temples to the skies;
Whose navy on the broad brine awful rolls;
Whose commerce glows beneath the distant poles;
Whose streams reflect full many an Attick pile;
Whose velvet lawns in long luxuriance smile;

* These lines were written before the murder of the late King of France, and many of the events of horror which have since taken place in that miserable country.

Amid whose winding coombs contentment dwells,
Whose vales rejoice to hear the sabbath bells;
Whose humblest shed, that steady laws protect,
The villager with woodbine bow'rs hath deck'd.
Sweet Native Land! whose every haunt is dear,
Whose ev'ry gale is musick to mine ear;
Amidst whose hills one poor retreat I sought,
Where I might sometimes hide a sadd'ning thought,
And having wander'd far, and mark'd mankind
In their vain mask, might rest and safety find.
Oh! still may Freedom with majestick mien
Pacing thy rocks and the green vales be seen!
Around thy cliffs that glitter o'er the main,
May smiling Order wind her silver chain;
Whilst from thy calm abodes, and azure skies,
Far off the fiend of Discord murmuring flies!

To Him, who firm thy injur'd cause has fought,
This humble offering, lo! the muse has brought:
Nor heed thou, BURKE! if, with averted eye
Scowling, cold Envy may thy worth decry.

It is the lot of man:—the best oft mourn,
As sad they journey through this cloudy bourne:

If conscious Genius stamp their chosen breast,
And on the forehead shew her seal imprest,
Perhaps they mourn, in bleak misfortune's shade,
Their age and cares with penury repaid;
Their errors deeply scann'd, their worth forgot,
Or mark'd by hard injustice with a blot.
If high they soar, and keep their distant way,
And spread their ample pinions to the day,
Malignant Faction hears with hate their name,
And all her tongues are busy at their fame.

But 'tis enough to hold, as best we may,
Our destin'd track, till sets the closing day;
Whether with living lustre we adorn
Our high sphere, like the radiance of the morn;
Or whether silent in the shade we move,
Cheer'd by the lonely star of pensive love;
Or whether dark-opposing storms we stem,
Panting for virtue's distant diadem;
'Tis the unshaken mind, the conscience pure,
That bids us firmly act, or meek endure;
'Tis this might shield us when the storm beat hard,
Content, though poor, had we no other guard!*

* Milton.

ON LEAVING

A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

IF I could bid thee, pleasant shade, farewell
Without a sigh, amidst whose circling bow'rs
My stripling prime was pass'd, and happiest hours,
Dead were I to the sympathies that swell
The human breast! These woods, that whispering wave,
My father rear'd and nurs'd, now to the grave
Gone down; he lov'd their peaceful shades, and said
Perhaps, as here he mus'd, "Live, laurels green;
"Ye pines, that shade the solitary scene,
"Live blooming and rejoice: when I am dead
"My son shall guard you, and amid your bow'rs,
"Like me, find shelter from life's beating show'rs."

These thoughts, my father, every spot endear;
And whilst I think, with self-accusing pain,

A stranger shall possess the lov'd domain,
In each low wind I seem thy voice to hear.
But these are shadows of the shaping brain
That now my heart, alas! can ill sustain—
We must forget—the world is wide—th' abode
Of peace may still be found, nor hard the road.
It boots not, so, to every chance resign'd,
Where'er the spot, we bear th' unalter'd mind.
Yet, oh! poor cottage, and thou sylvan shade,
Remember, ere I left your coverts green,
Where in my youth I mus'd, in childhood play'd,
I gaz'd, I paus'd, I dropp'd a tear unseen,
(That bitter from the font of memory fell)
Thinking on him who rear'd you—Now, farewell!

Elegiac Stanzas,

WRITTEN

DURING SICKNESS AT BATH,

DECEMBER, 1795.

QUO DESIDERIO VETERES REVOCAMUS AMORES,

ATQUE OLIM AMISSUS FLEMUS AMICITIAS!

CATULLUS.

Elegiac Stanzas.

WHEN I lie musing on my bed alone,
And listen to the wintry waterfall;*
And many moments that are past and gone,
(Moments of sunshine and of joy) recall;

Though the long night is dark and damp around,
And no still star hangs out its friendly flame;
And the winds sweep the sash with sullen sound,
And freezing palsy creeps o'er all my frame;

I catch consoling phantasies that spring
From the thick gloom, and as the night-airs beat,
They touch my heart, like the wild wires† that ring
In mournful modulations, strange and sweet.

---

* The fall of the river, heard from the Parade.

† The Æolian Harp.

Was it the voice of thee, my bury'd friend?
Was it the whisper'd vow of faithful love?
Do I in ****** green shades thy steps attend,
And hear the high pines murmur thus above?

'Twas not thy voice, my bury'd friend!—Oh no:
'Twas not, O ******, the murmur of thy trees;
But at the thought I feel my bosom glow,
And woo the dream whose air-drawn shadows please.

And I can think I see the groves again,
The larches that yon peaceful roof embow'r,
The airy down, the cattle-speckl'd plain,
And the slant sunshine on the village tow'r.

And I can think I hear its sabbath chime
Come smoothly soften'd down the woody vale;
Or mark on yon lone eminence sublime,
Fast whirling in the wind, the white mill's sail.

Phantom! that by my bed dost beck'ning glide;
Spectre of Death! to the damp charnel hie;
Thy dim pale hand, thy fest'ring visage, hide;
Thou com'st to say, "*I with thy worms shall lie!*"

Thou com'st to say, that my once-vacant mind
Amid those scenes shall never more rejoice;
Nor on the day of rest the hoary hind
Bend o'er his staff, attentive to my voice!

Hast thou not visited that pleasant place,
Where in this hard world I have happiest been;
And shall I tremble at thy lifted mace,
That hath pierc'd all on which life seem'd to lean?

But HOPE might whisper,—" Many a smiling day
" And many a cheerful eve might yet be mine,
" Ere age's autumn strew my locks with grey,
" And weary to the dust my steps decline."

I argue not, but uncomplaining bow
To Heav'n's high hest; secure, whate'er my lot,
Meek spirit of resign'd Content, that thou
Wilt smooth my pillow, and forsake me not.

Thou to the turfy hut with pilgrim feet
Wand'rest, from halls of loud tumultuous joy;
Or on the naked down, when the winds beat,
Dost sing to the forsaken shepherd-boy.

Thou art the sick man's nurse, the poor man's friend,
And through each change of life thou hast been mine;
In every ill thou canst a comfort blend,
And bid the eye, though sad, in sadness shine.

Thee I have met on *Cherwell*'s willow'd side;
And when our destin'd road far onward lay,
Thee I have found, whatever chance betide,
The kind companion of my devious way.

With thee unweary'd have I lov'd to roam,
By the smooth-flowing *Scheldt*, or rushing *Rhine*;
And thou hast gladden'd my sequester'd home,
And hung my peaceful porch with eglantine.

When cares and crosses my tir'd spirits try'd,
When to the dust my Father I resign'd;
Amidst the quiet shade unseen I sigh'd,
And, blest with thee, forgot a world unkind.

Ev'n now, while toiling through the sleepless night,
A tearful look to distant scenes I cast,
And the glad objects that once charm'd my sight
Remember, like soft views of faërie past;

I see thee come half-smiling to my bed,
With FORTITUDE more awfully severe,
Whose arm sustaining holds my drooping head,
Who dries with her dark locks the tender tear.

O firmer spirit! on some craggy height
Who, when the tempest sails aloft, dost stand,
And hear'st the ceaseless billows of the night
Rolling upon the solitary strand;

At this sad hour, when no harsh thoughts intrude
To mar the melancholy mind's repose,
When I am left to night and solitude,
And languid life seems verging to its close;

O let me thy pervading influence feel!
Be every weak and wayward thought repress'd!
And hide thou, as with plates of coldest steel,
The faded aspect and the throbbing breast.

Silent the motley pageant may retreat,
And vain mortality's brief scenes remove;
Yet let my bosom, whilst with life it beat,
Breathe a last pray'r for all on earth I love.

Slow-creeping pain weighs down my heavy eye,
A chiller faintness steals upon my breast;
"O gentle Muse, with some sweet lullaby,"*
Rock me in long forgetfulness to rest.

* See Dr. Harington's exquisite Air to the words:—

"Come, gentle Muse, lull me to sleep,
"With some sweet harmony!"

ON LEAVING
WINCHESTER SCHOOL,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1782.

THE spring shall visit thee again,
Itchin! and yonder aged fane*
That casts its shadows on thy breast,
(As if, by many winters beat,
The blooming season it would greet)
With many a straggling wild-flow'r shall be drest!

But I, amidst the youthful train
That stray at ev'ning by thy side,
No longer shall a guest remain
To mark the spring's reviving pride.—

* St. Croix.

I go not unrejoicing; but who knows,
When I have shar'd, O world, thy common woes,
Returning I may drop some natural tears;
When these same fields I look around,
And hear from yonder dome* the slow bell sound,
And think upon the joys that crown'd my stripling years!

* The Cathedral.

HOPE,

AN

ALLEGORICAL SKETCH,

ON

RECOVERING SLOWLY FROM SICKNESS.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
" What was thy delighted measure?
" Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
" And bid the lovely scenes at distance hail."

COLLINS.

TO THE

MOST REVEREND

WILLIAM

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,

IN GRATITUDE FOR KINDNESS AND CIVILITIES

EXPERIENCED FROM HIM

During Sickness,

THESE STANZAS

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

DONHEAD,

AUGUST 10, 1797.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The primary idea of this Sketch was taken from the exquisite picture by COLLINS, *in his "Ode on the Passions." The descriptive part was suggested by the scenery on the banks of the Southampton River, where the Author occasionally took his morning walks in the beginning of May, after tedious and melancholy confinement.*

E. L. Carleton

HOPE,

AN

ALLEGORICAL SKETCH.

I.

" I Am the comforter of those that mourn,
" My scenes well-shadow'd, and my carol sweet,
" Cheer the poor passengers of life's rude bourne,
" Till they are shelter'd in that last retreat,
" Where human toils and troubles are forgot."
These sounds I heard amid this mortal road,
When I had reach'd with pain one pleasant spot,
So that for joy some tears in silence flow'd;
I rais'd mine eyes, which sickness long deprest,
And felt thy warmth, O sun, come cheering to my breast.

II.

The storm of night had ceas'd upon the plain,
When thoughtful in the forest-walk I stray'd,
To the long hollow murmur of the main
List'ning, and to the many leaves that made
A drowsy cadence, as the high trees wav'd;
When straight a beauteous scene burst on my sight;
Smooth were the waters that the low-land lav'd;
And lo! a form, as of some fairy sprite,
That held in her right-hand a budding spray,
And like a sea-maid sung her sweetly-warbled lay.

III.

Soothing as steals the summer-wave she sung,
" The grisly phantoms of the night are gone
" To hear in shades forlorn the death-bell rung;
" But thou whom sickness hast left weak and wan,
" Turn from their spectre-terrors; the green sea
" That whispers at my feet, the matin gale
" That crisps its shining marge, shall solace thee,
" And thou my long-forgotten voice shalt hail,
" For I am Hope, whom weary hearts confess
" The soothest sprite that sings on life's long wilderness."

IV.

As slowly ceas'd her tender voice, I stood
Delighted: the hard way, so lately past,
Seem'd smooth; the ocean's bright-extended flood
Before me stretch'd; the clouds that overcast
Heaven's melancholy vault, hurry'd away,
Driv'n seaward, and the azure hills appear'd;
The sun-beams shone upon their summits grey,
Strange saddening sounds no more by fits were heard,
But birds, in new leaves shrouded, sung aloft,
And o'er the level seas spring's healing airs blew soft.

V.

As when a traveller, who many days
Hath journey'd 'mid Arabian deserts still,
A dreary solitude far on surveys,
Nor hears, or flitting bird, or gushing rill,
But near some marble ruin, gleaming pale,
Sighs mindful of the haunts of cheerful man,
And thinks he hears in every sickly gale
The bells of some slow-wheeling caravan;
At length, emerging o'er the dim tract, sees
Gay domes, and golden fanes, and minarets, and trees:

VI.

So beat my bosom when my winding way
Led through the thickets to a shelter'd vale,
Where the sweet minstrel sat: a smooth clear bay
Skirted with woods appear'd, where many a sail
Went shining o'er the watery surface still,
Less'ning at last in the grey ocean-flood;
And yonder, half-way up the fronting hill,
Peeping from forth the trees, a cottage stood,
Above whose peaceful umbrage, trailing high,
A little smoke went up, and stain'd the cloudless sky.

VII.

I turn'd, and lo, a mountain seem'd to rise,
Upon whose top a spiry citadel
Lifted its dim-seen turrets to the skies,
Where some high lord of the domain might dwell:
And onward, where the eye scarce stretch'd its sight,
Hills over hills in long succession rose,
Touch'd with a softer and yet softer light,
And all was blended as in deep repose,
The woods, the sea, the hills that shone so fair,
'Till woods, and sea, and hills, seem'd fading into air.

VIII.

At once, methought, I saw a various throng
To this enchanting spot their footsteps bend,
All drawn, sweet Hope, by thy inspiring song,
Which melodies scarce mortal seem to blend.
First buxom Youth, with cheeks of glowing red,
Came lightly tripping o'er the morning dew,
He wore a harebell garland on his head,
And stretch'd his hands at the bright-bursting view:
A mountain fawn went bounding by his side,
Around whose slender neck a silver bell was tied.

IX.

Then said I, 'Mistress of the magick song,
'O pity 'twere that hearts which know no guile
'Should ever feel the pangs of ruth or wrong!'
She heeded not, but sung with lovelier smile,
"Enjoy, O youth, the season of thy May,
"Hark, how the throstles in the hawthorn sing,
"The hoary time, that resteth night nor day,
"O'er the earth's shade may speed with noiseless wing:
"But heed not thou: snatch the brief joys that rise,
"And sport beneath the light of these unclouded skies."

X.

His fine eye flashing an unwonted fire,
Then Fancy o'er the glade delighted went;
He struck at times a small and silver lyre,
Or gaz'd upon the rolling element;
Sometimes he took his mirror, which did ſhow
The various landscape lovelier than the life;
More beamy bright the vivid tints did glow,
And so well mingled was the colours' strife,
That the fond heart, the beauteous shades once seen,
Would sigh for such retreats, for vales and woods so green!

XI.

Gay was his aspect, and his airy vest,
As loose it flow'd, such colours did display,
As paint the clouds reposing in the west,
Or the moist rainbow's radiant arch inlay;
And now he tripp'd, like fairy of the wood,
And seem'd with dancing spirits to rejoice,
And now he hung his head in pensive mood—
Meantime, O Hope, he listen'd to thy voice,
And whilst of joy and youth it cheerly sung,
Lightly he touch'd his harp, and o'er the valley sprung.

XII.

Pleasure, a frolick nymph, to the glad sound
Came dancing as all fears she might forget,
And now she gaz'd with a sweet archness round,
And wantonly display'd a silken net:
She won her way with fascinating air—
Her eyes illumin'd with a tender light,
Her smile's strange blandiſhment, her shaded hair
That length'ning hung, her teeth like ivory white,
That peep'd from her moist lip, seem'd to inspire
Tumultuous wishes warm, and dreams of fond desire.

XIII.

What softer passions did thy bosom move,
When those melodious measures met thine ear,
Child of Sincerity, and virtuous Love?
Thine eyes did shine beneath a blisful tear
That still were turned to the tranquil scene,
Where the thin smoke rose from th' embow'red cot;
And thou didst think, that there, with smile serene,
In quiet shades, and every pang forgot,
Thou mightest sink on pure Affection's breast,
And listen to the winds that whisper'd thee to rest.

XIV.

I thought, " O Love, how seldom art thou found
" Without annoyance in this earthly state!
" For haply thou dost feed some rankling wound,
" Or on thy youth pale poverty doth wait,
" 'Till years on years heavy are roll'd away;
" Or where thou most didst hope firm faith to see,
" Thou meetest fickleness estrang'd and cold;
" Or if some true and tender heart there be
" On which, thro' every change, thy soul might trust,
" Death comes with his fell dart, and smites it to the dust."

XV.

But lusty Enterprize, with looks of glee,
Approach'd the drooping youth, as he would say,
" Come to the high woods and the hills with me,
" And cast thy sullen myrtle-wreath away!"
Upon a neighing courser he did sit,
That stretch'd its arched neck, in conscious pride,
And champ'd as with disdain its golden bit,
But Hope her animating voice apply'd,
And Enterprize with speed impetuous pass'd,
Whilst the long vale return'd his wreathed bugle's blast.

XVI.

Suddenly, lifting high his pond'rous spear,
A mailed man came forth with scornful pride,
I saw him tow'ring in his dark career
Along the valley like a giant stride:
Upon his helm, in letters of bright gold,
That to the sun's meridian splendour shone,
Ambition's name far off I might behold.
Meantime from earth there came a hollow moan:
But Fame, who follow'd, her loud trumpet blew,
And to the murmuring beach with eyes on flame he flew.

XVII.

And now already had he gain'd the strand,
Where a tall vessel rode with sail unfurl'd,
And soon he thought to reach the farther land,
Which to his eager eye seem'd like a world
That he by strength might win and make his own,
And in that citadel, which shone so bright,
Seat him, a purple sovereign, on his throne.
So he went tilting o'er the waters white,
And whilst he oft look'd back with stern disdain,
In louder tone, methought, was heard the inspiring strain.

XVIII.

" By the shade of cities old,
" By many a river stain'd with gore,
" By the sword of Sesac bold
" Who smote the nations from the shore
" Of ancient Nile to India's farthest plain,
" By Fame's proud pillars, and by Valour's shield,
" By mighty chiefs in glorious battles slain,
" Assert thy sway: amid the bloody field
" Pursue thy march, and to the heights sublime
" Of Honor's glittering cliffs, a mighty conqueror, climb."

XIX.

Then said I in mine heart, ' Man, thou dost rear
' Thine eye to Heav'n, and vaunt thy lofty worth:
' The ensign of dominion thou dost bear
' O'er nature's works; but thou dost oft go forth,
' Urg'd by false hopes, to ravage and destroy;
' Thou dost build up a name by cruel deeds,
' Whilst to the peaceful scenes of Love and Joy,
' Sorrow, and Crime, and Solitude, succeeds.
' Hence, when her war-song Victory doth sing,
' Destruction flaps aloft her iron-hurtling wing?"

XX.

But see, as one awak'd from deadly trance,
With hollow and dim eyes and stoney stare,
Captivity with faltering step advance!
Dripping and knotted was her coal-black hair:
For she had long been hid, as in the grave;
No sounds the silence of her prison broke,
Nor one companion had she in her cave
Save Terror's dismal shape, that no word spoke,
But to a stony coffin on the floor
With lean and hideous finger pointed evermore.

XXI.

The lark's shrill song, the early village chime,
The upland echo of the winding horn,
The far-heard clock that spoke the passing time,
Had never pierc'd her solitude forlorn:
At length releas'd from the deep dungeon's gloom
She feels the fragrance of the vernal gale,
She sees more sweet the living landscape bloom,
And while she listens to Hope's tender tale,
She thinks her long-lost friends shall bless her sight,
And almost faints with joy amidst the broad day-light.

XXII.

And near the spot, as with reluctant feet,
Slowly desponding Melancholy drew,
The wind and rain her naked breast had beat,
Sunk was her eye, and sallow was her hue.
In the huge forest's unrejoicing shade
Bewilder'd had she wander'd day by day,
And many a grisly fiend her heart dismay'd,
And cold and wet upon the ground she lay:
But now such sounds with mellow sweetness stole,
As lapp'd in dreams of bliss her slow-consenting soul.

XXIII.

Next to the gleamy glen, poor Mania stray'd:
Most pale and wild, yet gentle was her look,
A slender garland she of straw had made
Of flow'rs and rushes from the running brook;
But as she sadly pass'd, the tender sound
Of its sharp pang her wounded heart beguil'd.
She dropp'd her half-made garland on the ground,
And then she sigh'd, and then in tears she smil'd,
But smiled so that pity would have said,
"O God, be merciful to that poor hapless maid!"

XXIV.

Now ravingly she cry'd, the whelming main,
" The wintry wave rolls over his cold head,
" I never shall behold my love again—
" Hence, flattering fancies—he is dead, is dead!
" Perhaps upon some wild shore he is cast,
" Where on their prey Barbarians howling rush,
" O fiercer they, than is the whelming blast!
" Hush, my poor heart—my wakeful sorrows, hush!
" He lives—I yet shall press him to my heart,
" And cry, O no, no, no,—we never more will part!"

XXV.

So sung she, when despairing, from his cell,
Hid farthest in the lone umbrageous wood,
Where many a winter he had lov'd to dwell,
Came grim Remorse: as fixt in thought he stood,
His senses pierc'd by the unwonted tone
He heard—the blood-drops from his locks he shook—
He saw the trees that wav'd, the sun that shone,
He cast around an agonized look;
Then with a ghastly smile that spoke his pain,
He hied him to his cave in thickest shades again.

XXVI.

And now the sun sunk westward, and the sky
Was hung with thousand lucid pictures gay;
When gazing on the scene with placid eye,
An ancient man appear'd in amice grey.
His sandal shoes were by long travel worn,
O'er hill and valley, many a ling'ring mile,
Yet droop'd he not, like one in years forlorn;
His pale cheek wore a sad, but tender smile;
'Twas sage Experience, by his look confess'd,
And white as frost his beard descended to his breast.

XXVII.

Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place,
And sweet are those melodious notes I hear,
And happy they among man's toiling race
Who, of their cares forgetful, wander near:
Me they delight, whom sickness and slow pain
Have bow'd almost to death with heavy hand,
The fairy scenes refresh my heart again,
And pleas'd I listen to that musick bland,
Which seems to promise hours of joy to come,
And bids me tranquil seek my poor but peaceful home.

XXVIII.

He said, " Alas! these shadows soon may fly,
" Like the gay landscapes of the element:
" Yet do poor mortals still with raptur'd eye
" Behold like thee the pictures they present;
" And charm'd by Hope's sweet musick on they fare,
" And think they soon shall reach that blissful goal,
" Where never more the sullen knell of Care
" Departed friends and sever'd loves shall toll:
" So on they fare; till all their troubles cease,
" And on a lap of earth they lay them down in peace.

XXIX.

" But not there ceases their immortal claim,
(" From golden clouds I heard a small voice say)
" Wisdom rejoiceth in a higher aim,
" Nor heeds the transient shadows of a day.
" These earthly sounds may die away, and all
" These perishable pictures sink in night,
" But Virtue from the dust her sons shall call,
" And lead them forth to joy, and life, and light,
" Tho' from their languid grasp earth's comforts fly,
" And with the silent worm their bury'd bodies lie.

XXX.

" For other scenes there are, and in a clime
" Purer, and other strains to earth unknown,
" Where Heaven's high host with symphonies sublime
" Sing ' Unto HIM that sitteth on the throne.'
" Enough for man, if he the task fulfil
" Which GOD ordain'd, and to his journey's end
" Bear him right on, betide him good or ill;
" Then Hope to soothe his death-bed shall descend,
" Nor leave him, till in mansions of the blest
" He gain his destin'd home, his everlasting rest."

NOTES.

NOTES.

SONNET I.

. . . . . " And now the beam
" Of ev'ning smiles on the grey battlement,
" And yon forsaken tow'r that time has rent."

Tynemouth priory and castle, Northumberland.

The remains of this monastery are situated on a high rocky point, on the north side of the entrance into the river Tyne, about a mile and a half below North-Shields. The exalted rock on which the monastery stood, rendered it visible at sea a long way off, in every direction, whence it presented itself as if exhorting the seamen in danger to make their vows, and promise masses and presents to the Virgin Mary and St. Oswin for their deliverance.

SONNET II.

BAMBOROUGH CASTLE.

This very ancient castle, with its extensive domains, heretofore the property of the family of FORSTER, whose heiress married Lord CREWE, bishop of Durham, is appropriated by the will of that pious Prelate to many benevolent purposes; particularly that of ministering instant relief to such shipwrecked mariners as may happen to be cast on this dangerous coast, for whose preservation, and that of their vessels, every possible assistance is contrived, and is at all times ready. The whole estate is vested in the hands of Trustees, one of whom, Dr. SHARP, archdeacon of Northumberland, with an active zeal well suited to the nature of the humane institution, makes this castle his chief residence, attending with unwearied diligence to the proper application of the charity.

SONNET III.

The WENSBECK is a romantick and sequestered river in Northumberland. On its banks is situated our Lady's Chapel. "The remains of this small chapel, or ora-

tory, (says GROSE) stand in a shady solitude, on the north bank of the Wensbeck, about three quarters of a mile west of Bothall, in a spot admirably calculated for meditation. It was probably built by one of the Barons Ogle." This river is thus beautifully characterized by AKENSIDE, who was born near it:

" O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement, and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream!
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wander'd through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen."

SONNET IV.

The waving branches that romantick bend
O'er thy tall banks . . . . . .

Written on passing the Tweed at Kelso, where the scenery is much more picturesque than it is near Berwick,

the more general route of travellers into Scotland. It was a beautiful and still autumnal eve when we passed.

The shepherd's distant pipe is heard no more.

Alluding to the simple and affecting pastoral strains for which Scotland has been so long celebrated. I need not mention Lochabar, the braes of Bellendine, Tweed-side, &c.

SONNET VI.

Of rivers winding wild . . . . .

There is a wildness almost fantastick in the view of the river from Stirling-Castle, the course of which is seen for many miles, making a thousand turnings.

SONNET VII.

The ITCHIN is a river running from Winchester to Southampton, the banks of which have been the scene of many *a holiday sport*. The lines were composed on an evening in a journey from Oxford to Southampton, the first time I had seen the Itchin since I left school.

As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

"We remember them as friends from whom we were sorry ever to have parted." SMITH'S THEORY.

SONNET XI.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!

Written on landing at Ostend, and hearing, very early in the morning, the carillons.

The effect of bells has been often described, but by none more beautifully than COWPER:—

"How soft the musick of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.

Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years."

COWPER's Task, book vi.

SONNET XXIX.

HENRY BENWELL, M. A.

The following elegant Inscription to the Memory of this amiable and excellent young man is prefixed to the chancel of Caversham church, near Reading, and does merely justice to the many valuable qualifications of him whose virtues and graces it records:—

" Near this Chancel are deposited
The Remains of the REV. WILLIAM BENWELL,
Late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford,
Who died of a contagious fever, the consequence of his
charitable endeavours to relieve and comfort the
inhabitants of the village in which he resided.

From early youth
He was remarkable for correctness of taste,
and variety of knowledge;

Simple, modest, and retired;
In manners and conversation he possessed a natural grace,
a winning courtesy, truly expressive of the heavenly
serenity of his mind, and of the meekness, low-
liness, and benevolence of his heart.
To his Relations, and to his Companions whom he lov'd,
he was most tenderly and consistently affectionate:
To the poor a zealous friend, a wise and patient instructor.
By his mildness cheering the sorrowful;
And, by the pūre and amiable sanctity which beamed in
his countenance, repressing the licentious.
Habitually pious,
He appeared in every instance of life
to act, to speak, and to think,
as in the sight of GOD.
He died Sept. 6th, 1796, in his 32d year;
His soul pleased the LORD, therefore hasted He to take
him away.
This Tablet was erected to his Memory, with heart-
felt grief, and the tenderest affection,
By PENELOPE, eldest daughter of JOHN LOVEDAY, esq;
and PENELOPE his wife,
Who, after many years of the most ardent friendship,
became his wife and his widow in the
course of eleven weeks!"

ELEGY, AT THE HOTWELLS.

P. 40. L. 5.

Bound to yon dusky mart . . . . .

The immense smoky appearance of Bristol from the hills of Clifton. There is something very peculiar in the sight of the sails passing and repassing between the ragged cliffs so high above them, particularly when the vessel is coming round a projecting rock.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY HEADLEY.

P. 49. L. 2.

In youth's full early morning Headley died.

Henry Headley was educated under Dr. Parr, at Norwich, admitted afterwards scholar of Trinity college, Oxford, and died of a decline at the age of twenty-four. Some very beautiful pieces of poetry were published by him, distinguished for imagery, pathos, and simplicity.

P. 50. L. 4.

And cull each scatter'd sweet, that seem'd to smile
Like flowers upon some long-forsaken pile.

HEADLEY's favourite track of readings was among the ancient English poets, and he published a work entitled 'Beauties of Ancient English Poetry,' preserving chiefly such pieces as were less known, and which his taste knew how to select and appreciate.

P. 51. L. 3.

. . . *wept the ruthless deed, the poor man's fate.*

Alluding to some very beautiful verses by HEADLEY on a Beggar's Dog, from which the following are extracted:—

" When the cold winter's wind my grey locks rent,
Like wither'd moss upon a monument,
What could he more?—against the pit'less storm
He lent his little aid to keep me warm."

IB. L. 6.

. . . . . *that social shade*
Where once we sojourn'd . . . .

Trinity college, Oxford.—Among my contemporaries there, were several young men of talents and literature;

Headley, Kett, Benwell, Dallaway, Richards, Dornford. T. Warton was one of the senior Fellows.

VERSES TO HOWARD.

P. 57. L. 9.

. . . . . *fearless unfold*
The grated door—the inmost cell behold!

Penwith Prison.*—"Two rooms in the keeper's stable-yard! but distant from his house, and quite out of sight and hearing. The room for men is full 11 feet square, and 6 high: window 18 inches square: no chimney.—Earth floor; very damp. The door had not been opened for four weeks when I went in; and then the keeper began to clear away the dirt. There was only one debtor, who seemed to have been robust, but was grown pale by ten weeks' close confinement, with little food, which he had from a brother, who was poor and had a family.—He said, the dampness of the prison, with but little straw, had obliged him (he spoke with sorrow) to send for the bed on which some of his children lay. He had a wife

* At Penzance, Cornwall;—the property of Lord Arundel.

and ten children, two of whom died since he came hither, and the rest were almost starving. He has written a letter since, by which I learn that his distress was not mitigated, and that he had a companion miserable as himself." HOWARD ON LAZARETTOS, p. 398.

GRAVE OF HOWARD.

To the wild Nieper's banks, and whispering reeds.

"The town (i. e. Cherson, on the Black-sea, where HOWARD died) is entirely furnished with fuel by *reeds*, of which there is an inexhaustible forest in the shallows of the Boristhenes, or Nieper."

LADY CRAVEN'S TOUR.

ABBA THULE'.

P. 79. L. 17.

A knot recording on my line I tie.

I find, by referring to the book, that I have here made a mistake, which I hope the reader will pardon. The

knots were tied at the time of LE BOO's departure, and *one untied* every moon by the disconsolate Father—There is a very interesting relation on this subject in DIXON's Voyage round the World, who, some years afterwards sailing near the Pelew Iſlands, observed a person on shore making signs to the vessel, whom we have reason to suppose from subsequent accounts to have been the unfortunate father of LE BOO. Captain Dixon, at the time, was ignorant of every circumstance relating to this interesting story, with which Mr. KEATE concludes his account of the Pelew Iſlands:—

"The evening before the *Oroolong* sailed, the King asked Capt. WILSON how long it might be before his return to Pelew? and being told, that it would probably be about thirty moons, or might chance to extend to six more, ABBA THULE' drew from his basket a piece of *line*, and after making thirty knots on it, a little distance from each other, left a long space, and then adding six others, carefully put it by.

"As the slow but sure steps of Time have been moving onward, the reader's imagination will figure the anxious parent resorting to this cherished remembrancer,

and with joy untying the earlier records of each elapsing period;—as he sees him advancing on his line, he will conceive that joy redoubled; and when nearly approaching to the *thirtieth* knot, almost accusing the planet of the night for passing so tardily away.

"When verging towards the termination of his *latest* reckoning, he will then picture his mind glowing with parental affection, occasionally alarmed by doubt—yet still buoyed up by hope;—he will fancy him pacing inquisitively the sea-shore, and often commanding his people to ascend every rocky height, and glance their eyes along the level line of the horizon which bounds the surrounding ocean, to see if haply it might not in some part be broken by the distant appearance of a returning sail.

"Lastly, he will view the good ABBA THULE', wearied out by that expectation, which so many returning moons, since his reckoning *ceased*, have by this time taught him he had nourished in vain. But the reader will bring him back to his remembrance, as armed with that unshaken fortitude that was equal to the trials of varying life. He will not in *him*, as in less manly spirits, see the passions rushing into opposite extremes—*Hope*

turned to *Despair*—*Affection* converted to *Hatred*.—No. After some allowance for their *natural* fermentation, he will suppose them all placidly subsiding into the *calm* of Resignation!—

"Should this not be absolutely the case of our friendly King—as the human mind is far more pained by *uncertainty* than a knowledge of the *worst*—every reader will lament, he should to this moment remain ignorant, that his long looked-for Son can return no more.

"At Rome, the life of one citizen saved gave a claim to the *civic* wreath—at Pelew, so many of our countrymen rescued from distress, and, by ABBA THULE'S protection and benevolence, not only saved from inevitable destruction, but enabled to return in safety to their families and friends, hath sure a still stronger claim to a wreath from *British gratitude!*"

. . . . "Capt. WILSON notified to the India-House the unfortunate death of this young man; and received orders to conduct every thing with proper decency respecting his funeral. He was interred in Rotherhithe churchyard, the Captain and his brother attending. All the

young people of the Academy joined in this testimony of regard; and the concourse of people at the church was so great, that it appeared as if the whole parish had assembled to join in seeing the last ceremonies paid to one who was so much beloved by all who had known him in it.

"The INDIA COMPANY, soon after, ordered a tomb to be erected over his grave, with the following inscription, which I have transcribed from it:—

"To the Memory of
PRINCE LE BOO,
A native of the *Pelew* or *Palos* Islands;
And son to ABBA THULE', Rupack or King
Of the Island *Coorooraa*;
Who departed this life on the 27th of December 1784,
Aged 20 years;
This Stone is inscribed,
By the Honourable United EAST-INDIA COMPANY,
As a Testimony of Esteem
For the humane and kind treatment afforded by *his Father*
to the Crew of their ship the *Antelope*, Capt. WILSON,
which was wrecked off that Island in the night
of the 9th of August 1783.

Stop, Reader, stop! let NATURE claim a tear—
A Prince of *mine*, LE BOO, lies bury'd here."

THE AFRICAN.

The idea is taken from the supposed circumstance of the Negro, after death, expecting to return to his native country, where

. . . . . *the shrill* sigarras *sing*.

" *Sigarra* is an insect somewhat resembling a grasshopper." DAMPIER'S VOYAGE.

EPISTLE TO BURKE.

P. 118. L. 6.

Mourns for the spirit of high honour fled.

" This mixed system of opinion and sentiment had its origin in the antient chivalry; and the principle, though varied in its appearance by the varying state of human affairs, subsisted and influenced through a long succession of generations, even to the time we live in. If it should ever be totally extinguished, the loss I fear will be great. It is this which has given its character to modern Europe. It is this which has distinguished it under all its forms of government, and distinguished it to its ad-

vantage, from the states of Asia, and possibly from thoſe states which flourished in the most brilliant periods of the antique world. It was this which, without confounding ranks, had produced a noble equality, and handed it down through all the gradations of social life. It was this opinion which mitigated kings into companions, and raised private men to be fellows with kings. Without force, or opposition, it subdued the fierceness of pride and power; it obliged sovereigns to submit to the soft collar of social esteem, compelled stern authority to submit to elegance, and gave a domination vanquisher of laws to be subdued by manners.

"But now all is to be changed. All the pleasing allusions, which made power gentle, and obedience liberal, which harmonized the different shades of life, and which, by a bland assimilation, incorporated into politics the sentiments which beautify and soften private society, are to be dissolved by this new conquering empire of light and reason. All the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off. All the superadded ideas, furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination, which the heart owns and the understanding ratifies, as necessary to cover the defects of our naked shivering nature, and to raise it to

dignity in our own estimation, are to be exploded as a ridiculous, absurd, and antiquated fashion."

BURKE'S REFLECTIONS, p. 113, 114.

P. 123. L. 5.

Sweet native land! whose every haunt is dear.

" ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee still—
My Country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flow'r, for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs."

COWPER'S TASK, p. 56.

ON LEAVING A PLACE OF RESIDENCE.

BARTON-HILL, near Shaftesbury, Dorset, now the property of PAUL BENFIELD, esq; M P.

HOPE.

P. 142. L. 9.

That held in her right-hand a budding spray.

"The Ancients represented Hope with a bud, just opening, in her hand." See SPENCE's Polymetis.

IB. L. 17.

That crisps its shining marge, shall solace thee.

"I in these flow'ry meads would be,
These crystal streams *should solace me*."

ISAAC WALTON'S
Song in the Complete Fisherman.

P. 143. L. 9.

But birds, in new leaves shrouded, sung aloft.

"Foliis adoperta novellis." MILTON's Eleg.

P. 145. L. 17.

The hoary time, that resteth night nor day.

"The time, that passeth night and day,
And restlesse travaileth aye,

And steleth from us so prively,
That to us seemeth skyerly
That in one point dwelleth ever,
And certes it ne resteth never."

See CHAUCER's Romance of the Rose.

IB. L. 20.

And sport beneath the light of these unclouded skies.

The reader will recollect Mrs. SMITH's affecting and most beautiful Sonnet.

" Sighing I see yon little troop at play;
By sorrow yet untouch'd; unhurt by care;
While free and sportive they enjoy to-day,
' Content and careless of to-morrow's fare!'
Oh happy age! when Hope's unclouded ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
Ere yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain,
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And to deaf pride misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate how many fears
Oppress my heart—and fill mine eyes with tears!"

P. 148. L. 3.

For haply thou dost feed some rankling wound.

" HERMIA, for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth,
But either it was different in blood;
Or else misgraffed in respect of years;
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends;
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it."

Midsummer Night's Dream.

IB. L. 18.

But Hope her animating voice applied.

" Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice apply'd.

COLLINS.

P. 150. L. 3.

By the sword of Sesac bold.

" Sesac, Bacchus, or Sesostris, (according to Sir ISAAC NEWTON) one and the same king of Ægypt, who conquered westward as far as the pillars of Hercules, and

eastward to the Ganges. He set up two pillars in India, on the mountains, near the mouth of the Ganges."

P. 154. L. 11.

Then said I, Master, pleasant is this place.

" Ed Io, Mæstro," &c. DANTE Inferno.

P. 156. L. 9.

Nor leaves him, 'till in mansions of the blest.

" Nor leaves us 'till we die." POPE.

Cruttwell, Printer, Bath.

BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek
MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Bowles, William Lisle,

Sonnets, and other poems to which is added, Hope

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